THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, May 8, 1954

PROFILE OF CHOU EN-LAI

THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XLVII. No. 1209 [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1954 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] NINEPENCE

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Socialists and the Hydrogen Bomb

PROFOUNDLY concerned as it is with the great issues raised by the H-Bomb, the nation is unlikely to be impressed by the affair of the three junior Labour Whips who disagreed on the subject with their own front bench. Their "crime" was that they voted for an amendment to the Atomic Energy Bill requiring resolutions of both Houses of Parliament before an H-Bomb is manufactured in this country. This amendment, as Mr. Arthur Palmer, M.P., reveals in our Correspondence columns, had been presented to the Shadow Cabinet, with the full backing of the Working Party which had been conducting the opposition to the Bill. But the Parliamentary Committee curtly refused to give its approval, whereupon it was tabled as an unofficial back-bench amendment and carried to a division, in which 63 Socialists took part—including the three junior Whips.

The whole incident might have been dismissed as a minor parliamentary mishap were it not for the fact that Mr. Attlee and Mr. Morrison have now chosen to assert their authority on a matter which has stirred passionate emotions throughout the Labour Movement. The decision of the Coventry City Council, for instance, to disband its Civil Defence Committee as a protest against the complacent acceptance of the H-Bomb as a defence of democracy, was publicly attacked by Mr. Morrison. But it has received widespread and quite unexpected support from all over the country. The unanimous decision by the A.E.U. to campaign against the H-Bomb typifies union sentiment. Three weeks ago Mr. Attlee himself succeeded admirably in expressing the feelings which prompted the Coventry Council when he moved the famous motion which binds the Government, in view of the menace of the H-Bomb, to seek immediate Big Three talks. Why then should he now be prepared to precipitate another violent clash in the Labour Party merely in order to oppose the very moderate proposal that the Government should obtain Parliamentary consent before proceeding to manufacture a British H-Bomb? Is it really so outrageous to demand that the House of Commons should be informed of the decision, and vote upon it?

Perhaps the explanation of Mr. Attlee's conduct is to be found in the emotional ambiguity of many of the slogans used at May Day demonstrations last week-end. "Ban the H-Bomb" reads well on a placard. But what does it precisely mean? Does the Labour Party advocate a disarmament agreement even if it leaves conventional arms untouched? Does it recommend that Britain should unilaterally repudiate thermo-nuclear weapons irrespective of whether any international pact is signed? Mr. Attlee certainly has the right to warn his supporters that, if the Labour Party is to play a constructive role, it must formulate clear, precise and reasoned answers to both these questions.

We ourselves have no doubt what these answers should be. After the all-night sitting on the Air Estimates, when the proposal to build an armada of H-bombers was attacked by a group of Labour back-benchers, we argued in these columns that British security is in no way enhanced by the existence of British H-bombers alongside the American H-bombers in Norfolk; and we concluded that it is merely delusions of grandeur that prompt the Government to spend vast sums upon them. As for the problem of thermo-nuclear disarmament, it is certainly true that the British and American Chiefs-of-Staff will fiercely oppose any international disarmament pact which leaves to Russia and China their overwhelming preponderance of conventional military strength. They will argue that, unless complete and total disarmament in all types of weapons can be achieved, the armament race must proceed until the world blows itself to pieces. We believe that Socialists should be prepared to challenge the assumptions of the Service chiefs, and be willing to accept partial disarmament limited to unconventional weapons as a lesser risk to this country than no disarmament at all.

The One Chance at Geneva

With Mr. Dulles gone, Dien Bien Phu doomed, the fate of the French Government hanging on a critical vote of confidence, and Western policy for South-East Asia in complete disarray, the only chance of gain at Geneva turns on whether Mr. Eden will rise to the height of his unique opportunity. On Korea, unless Syngman Rhee can be induced to agree to elections in the South as well as in the North, deadlock seems unbreakable: it is in Indo-China that the opportunity exists. The difficulties in the way of even a limited settlement are not to be underrated. Though agreement on procedure has now apparently been reached, the grave question is whether the only obvious possibility of a durable truce has not been excluded in advance. A simple cease-fire without a political demarcation line would be meaningless: it would be impossible to enforce. Whether or not any importance is to be attached to reports that Ho Chi Minh might be prepared to consider, after French withdrawal, a Coalition Government for the whole of Viet Nam, with two Viet Minh Ministers in the key posts of Defence and the Interior, the one immediately practicable solution, corresponding to military realities, seems to be the partition of Viet Nam. An internationally guaranteed frontier, running perhaps along the 17th Parallel, across the narrow waist from Thak-hek to the coast, would be geographically simple to draw and militarily easy to defend—though it would leave northern Laos strategically exposed. It remains, of course, to be seen whether the present French Government—so far publicly committed to "No Partition"—is prepared to face the abandonment, which would be involved in this scheme, of Hanoi and Haiphong; but it is a moral certainty that Ho Chi Minh would accept nothing less. Mr. Eden will have to persuade his colleagues that facts—however painful in Paris and Washington—must be faced. Save at the risk of launching World War III, there can be no restoration of the colonial *status quo*.

The Slippery Slope

What are these reported Western staff talks in Singapore or Washington? If a limited settlement involving, as it must, concessions to Viet Minh, and therefore bound to be denounced by anti-Communist crusaders as an "Eastern Munich"—is not to be a repetition of the history of 1938-39, it is imperative that there should be a general *détente* in South-East Asia and the Pacific; otherwise legitimate international guarantees underwriting both the demarcation line and the remaining Associated States against future aggression might only too easily lead to "incidents" which would commit the guarantors automatically to military action. Given this vital need for easing tension, it is disquieting that there should be news this week of Britain, France and the U.S. holding military discussions. The contingencies for which these talks are in preparation have not been clearly defined. If they are concerned exclusively with plans for policing a "truce line," they are possibly compatible with Sir Winston Churchill's assurance to Parliament that Britain would not give "any undertakings about U.K. military action in advance of the results at Geneva." (Even so, staff talks, without Asian participation, on the logistics of an international "police" force seem peculiar.) But can Parliament be certain that this is all that is involved? After the diplomatic correspondents of both *The Times* and the *Manchester Guardian* had hinted broadly that plans for the eventuality of breakdown at Geneva were also to be discussed, President Eisenhower told the press that a South-East Asia security pact was, after all, "in process of formation." This suggests that Britain may, in fact, be involved in commitments which the House of Commons was relieved to hear the Prime Minister disavow. A guarantee for an Indo-China truce is one thing; an Eastern Nato is another. From such a pact it would be a slippery slope towards either military intervention in Viet Nam or even war against China.

The Question of Trieste

Since a solution of the Trieste problem on lines acceptable to Italy is a precondition for a Monarchist vote in the Rome Parliament to ratify E.D.C., it seems likely that Mr. Dulles, in his talks this week with Signor Scelba, did his best to sell the Italian Premier a revised "Western" plan which he is credited with sponsoring. Under this scheme, there would be a final partition of the Free Territory. Italy would receive Zone A, less certain predominantly Slovene villages, which would be exchanged for a few communes (Capodistria is mentioned) in Zone B. The Yugoslav share would be the remainder of Zone B, together with guarantees for the Slovene minority remaining in Zone A and some sort of "corridor" to the port of Trieste—under Italian sovereignty but, to this extent, "internationalised."

It remains to be seen whether partition on these lines would be acceptable in Belgrade, where Marshal Tito's visit to Turkey and his evident desire to turn the Balkan Pact into a military alliance have encouraged the belief that Italy is being thus firmly warned to renounce *all* claims in Zone B. A further difficulty is that the Trieste population itself—both Slovenes and Italians—are united against a partition of the Territory. Signor De Castro, General Winterton's political adviser, recently resigned rather than be any party to a solution which carved up the Territory: and the numerically substantial Trieste Communist Party, whose leader, Signor Vidali, is not always amenable to directions from Signor Togliatti, has declared that a general strike of indefinite duration will be called the moment the partition of the Territory is announced.

The Voice of Asia

Nobody could have been more relieved that the spectre of world war had not yet acquired substance than the Asian Prime Ministers who met at Colombo last week. Three of them belonged to the Commonwealth and welcomed the reprieve as the result of Britain's independent policy. All of them had, as Nehru termed it, "a certain commonness in past experience" of having struggled successfully against some form of colonial domination. This anti-colonial note ran through all the resolutions—that France should declare at Geneva that "she is irrevocably committed to the complete independence of Indo-China"; that Indonesia should explore the possibility of the African-Asian Conference which her Prime Minister proposed; that there should be recognition of Tunisian and Moroccan demands for independence. Fundamentally this was the idea of the compromise resolution "to resist interference in the affairs of their countries by external Communist, anti-Communist, or other agencies" who threatened their sovereignty, their security, their political independence and their right "to develop and progress in accordance with the conceptions and desires" of their own people. That agreement was possible along these "keep out" lines was significant. These five Prime Ministers, representing India, Pakistan, Burma, Ceylon and Indonesia, still hope to maintain "an area of peace." It would be disastrous to try to persuade them to become a shadow of Anzus, to enter Mr. Dulles's South-East Asia Pact through a side entrance. The three Commonwealth Prime Ministers could not even agree to give advance assent to Mr. Eden's invitation to associate themselves with a Big Power guarantee of any settlement of the Indo-China problem reached in Geneva.

The Honduras Election

The situation in British Honduras, where the anti-Colonial Office and anti-capitalist People's United Party has just won the Colony's first general election, is not quite on all fours with that of British Guiana when Dr. Jagan was swept into power a year ago. The new Guianese constitution had established the principle of Cabinet government: in Honduras, the executive power remains effectively under Colonial Office control. Last week's voting was for the nine elected members of the Legislative Council; and eight of these places were taken by the P.U.P., despite the exceptional efforts made by Mr. Lyttelton to discredit it just prior to the election. First, the allegation was freely bandied that the party was Communist-controlled and in the pay of the neighbouring (and quasi-Communist) Government of Guatemala. Then a Commission was appointed to examine this charge. Its report, which read, as the *Manchester Guardian* says, "farcically at times—like a bad novel of espionage," failed to establish that the P.U.P. was in the pay of Guatemala or, indeed, that it was in any way Communist-dominated—except in so far as colonial nationalist leaders are bound to take help from where they can find it. In this case, British rule, which has condemned the people of British Honduras to a degree of squalor, poverty and stagnation perhaps unequalled in the Queen's Dominions, is sufficient explanation for the tendency of the nationalist politicians to turn their eyes towards the Left-wing Government next door. This election, in fact, raises in the sharpest possible form the central problem facing British colonial rule today. Is Britain prepared to direct its policy to furthering the legitimate and inevitable uprisings of subject peoples, or must these revolutions turn for support to other—perhaps Communist—

sources? The Governor of British Honduras has promised in cordial terms to give the P.U.P. any help or advice they want. If this offer is made in the realisation that it will probably involve official support for policies which may be exceedingly unpopular in many British and U.S. quarters, well and good. But that sort of backing is exactly what Dr. Jagan, in British Guiana, was unable to secure from either the Government or the Colonial Office.

Homes and Loans

Mr. Macmillan's plan for easier house-purchase, which revives and extends the provisions of Labour's 1949 Act, is intended to carry Britain another step towards a "property-owning democracy." The Conservatives have tried consistently to reduce the scope of local authority housing: they have always wanted to push the better-paid workers out of subsidised Council houses into the arms of the building societies and the private builders. Mr. Macmillan admitted as much on Tuesday, when he claimed that his scheme would cut down the long waiting lists held by every local council and permit them to concentrate on the expensive and unprofitable task of slum clearance. This new scheme is, in fact, designed to skim off the cream of artisan housing demand. By trading on the need of newly married couples for homes, it may induce them to strain their budgets to the utmost in order to get off their low position on the waiting list. To pay for a house costing £2,000, a man must lay out at least £2 15s a week, apart from any allowance for repairs. Since the amount on loan is to be increased—at no risk to the lender, for the margin is guaranteed by the State and the local Council jointly—the interest burden will be heavier. It is unlikely, moreover, that such purchasers will be paying much income-tax, and they would be unable to offset their interest charges against their tax-liability.

PARIS

Whose Responsibility ?

Our Paris Correspondent writes: Last Friday, under the title of *Qui? Pourquoi? Comment? Le Monde* printed the first of a series of articles in which Robert Guillain analysed, with merciless brilliance, the military and political origins of Dien Bien Phu. The day before, M. Edgar Faure, in a speech at Lous-le-Saunier, hinted at violent recriminations in the Cabinet on this subject. On Sunday, M. Gaston Palewski spoke of "political responsibility for military defeat," and this week the matter was raised on a parliamentary level. These marked the opening shots in what seems likely to be a prolonged political battle, as fierce as the military one which gave rise to it.

The series of errors which culminated in Dien Bien Phu is now tragically clear. Last July, following a political and military conference in Paris, General Navarre made the first moves to implement his "plan," designed to destroy the Viet Minh regular units in the field. The campaign began well. In August and September a series of carefully planned parachute operations dislocated Giap's supply-lines and restored morale in the Delta. Meanwhile, French units were being progressively withdrawn from isolated strongpoints and replaced by Vietnamese troops. By the early autumn, Navarre had sufficient mobile reserves to be in a position to pass to the offensive and clear the Delta thoroughly. But at this point Giap made an unexpected move. On September 20, French Intelligence reported that the Viet Minh regular 316 Division was moving north-west into the Thai hill country. Its aim was clearly to subdue the hill country—traditionally pro-French—and invade northern Laos.

General Navarre was faced with two choices. First, he could carry on with his plan and demolish the Viet Minh bases in the Delta (this was the choice of General Cogny, the area commander). Or, secondly, he could follow Giap into the hills and, prevent the fall of Luang-Prabang, the Laos capital. But the decision was not left to Navarre. During a debate in the Defence Council in Paris—at which Marshal Juin strenuously upheld Cogny's thesis—the responsible Ministers decided on the second course. Their reasons were political: Laos, the most consistently loyal of the Associated States, could not be allowed to fall. On November 21 the first troops were parachuted into Dien Bien Phu.

Even at this point the aim was still to concentrate on mobile operations, using Dien Bien Phu as a base. Early in December, however, Giap moved up three more Divisions—the 308 and 312 Infantry, and an artillery Division—and at Christmas he launched the invasion of Laos. Orders came from Paris: defend Laos at all costs. During January and February, therefore, Navarre shifted more and more troops—in great part first-class French units—into the area. The Delta was stripped of its reserves and Dien Bien Phu was transformed into a vast, immobile fortress, exactly the two things the "Navarre Plan" was designed to avoid. Early in February, Navarre —to the stupefaction of Cogny—used his last available reserves on a lightning "prestige" attack in Central Annam. It was totally irrelevant to the campaign, but it made a splash of reassuring headlines in Paris. On February 19, in fact, General Navarre, in his one and only press conference, announced "Giap's offensive has been halted." Two weeks later, reporting back to Paris after a tour of inspection, M. Pleven informed the Cabinet: "The military situation is rapidly improving. Laos is saved. We have a solid hold of Dien Bien Phu. The enemy's supply problems are increasing. . . ." On March 13 General Giap attacked. The rest is history.

Dien Bien Phu was thus the military consequence of a reckless political decision. The French Army was forced on to the defensive in the wrong place (Dien Bien Phu instead of the Delta), at the wrong time (just before the Monsoon), and with no reserves. Now that the facts are known, several things become clear. First, Giap's attack can no longer be described as a "political" move, designed to bring pressure on Geneva: it was simply the logical culmination of a military campaign. Secondly, these facts explain the growing resentment among military circles against the Government, of which Juin's outburst was the most spectacular, but to which a multitude of anonymous articles in the press bear witness. Thirdly—and most important—they explain M. Bidault's sudden and hysterical request for immediate military aid, an attempt, in the words of *Le Monde*, "to efface the responsibility for this terrible drama by plunging into an even more terrible one."

NEXT WEEK

Ho Chi Minh—character sketch with drawing by VICKY.

WESTMINSTER

Whips Whipped

It would be a mistake to assume that either the House or the Parliamentary Labour Party sensed at the time the excitement which was to follow from the proposed new clause in the Atomic Energy Bill seeking to ensure that the Government should not produce an H-Bomb until the House had given specific authority. This was perhaps remiss of both the House and the Party. Here was a major moral, political and military issue. The trouble is, however, that in the peculiar atmosphere of Parliament the major issue needs a major setting. There must be a rumble of anticipation in the press, a formulation of motions, discussed in secret in the Parliamentary Labour Party, and unfortunately reported in full in the newspapers. Then, when the stage is set, the heavyweights on each side may grapple over the Table of the House.

But the last H-Bomb debate sneaked up on us. The new clause, sponsored by back-benchers, had been on the order paper for some days. Most Labour Members probably thought it was not a bad idea. It was not discussed in full party conclave or over the teacups. When the debate took place it was very much a second-rate effort. Many who supported the clause argued as though it asked that Britain should not produce the H-Bomb, which it did not. Many who replied spoke strongly against unilateral disarmament which was irrelevant. Had not three Labour Whips, Charlie Royle, Kenneth Robinson, and John Taylor, voted against the advice of the Chief Whip, it would not even have made the headlines on Page Two. Had the Chief Whip not proceeded to sack the three Whips it would not then have flared into the headlines on Page One.

The atmosphere of the vote in question was more confused than fervent. It is said that the Party Leadership, immersed in the consequences of Bevan's resignation, took a quick look at the clause, thought it went rather too far, was unsympathetic to suggested rewording, and left it at that. It was laid down that if the vote were pressed it would be unofficial. There was no excitement, no brave shout of defiance from the sponsors, no thrashing out of pros and cons. On advice most Members abstained. But three Whips did not abstain. Being wise after the vote it is clear that the Parliamentary Party should have discussed the issue and come to a clear decision upon it. In which case, in all probability, Labour Members would have voted with a clear conscience for a slightly amended version.

So be it. But the Whips were told by their Chief, who had appointed them as officers of the Party machine, that they were to obey the official advice to abstain. They ignored his advice and so, in the circumstances, he had either to resign or to act. Inevitably he acted. As John Taylor wrote in his resignation letter, "I freely say that in this clash of loyalties (between personal feelings and duty as a Whip) my greater one should have been to the department." If Whips themselves defy authority, the furtherance of which is their only *raison d'être*, they had better resume their freedom, an action for which they have recent dramatic precedent. Out of confusion in reaching decision on the political issue stemmed defiance by the three Whips. Defiance invoked discipline. However, John Taylor, who still thinks as he did on the H-Bomb, has expressed regret at the awkward position in which he placed his chief and has been reinstated. Discipline has been tempered with leniency, which is wise. But leniency has been selective, which is confusing.

WILFRED FIENBURGH

Who Betrayed Mr. Dulles?

THE premature departure of Mr. Dulles from Geneva was planned, before the Conference met, as a gesture of strength. It has become the symbol of a staggering rebuff. At Berlin, Mr. Dulles agreed cynically to go to Geneva. If the Communists were confronted with a show of Western power, if demands were made on them which they clearly could not accept, then the onus of failure could be thrown on the Communist side, and the way cleared for "united action" in Asia.

What went wrong? The tactics that Mr. Dulles used at Berlin, where he was induced to have one last meeting with the Russians before pressing on with German rearmament, failed at Geneva because conditions in Europe are quite different from those in Asia. It is one thing to talk of collective security among the Nato Powers, which have a certain geographical and political community, but a very different matter to urge "united action" in an area of the world where distrust of Western imperialism is as strong or even stronger than dislike of Communism, and where even a Chinese "Monroe Doctrine" sounds less bitter than the Republican slogan of making "Asians fight Asians."

Yet Mr. Dulles worked hard, when he came on his flying visit to London and Paris, to get advance agreement to an Asian security alliance. He hoped that the proposed pact might bluff the Chinese into making concessions. When he began to realise that this would not happen, he still clung to the idea of "united action" as proof, to Congress and the American public, that he had a policy which could hold the line against Communism without unilateral American action. Finally, should the Administration decide to take military action, it could—had the pact then been signed—claim that it was honouring its international commitments and act without getting prior Congressional consent.

So far, these plans are behind schedule, partly because the Administration knows that it cannot press the French Government too hard to defy the popular desire for peace in Indo-China, and partly because Sir Winston and Mr. Eden gave a flat refusal to M. Bidault's request for emergency action. But these were not the main reasons for Mr. Dulles's rebuff, as American columnists are now alleging. Certainly, he was betrayed, but the betrayal took place in Washington, not in London. Ever since the Republicans took office, the Administration and the extremists in Congress have been bidding each other up to fresh heights of anti-Communist enthusiasm. Even if Mr. Dulles genuinely wished to negotiate with the Communists, his own bellicose propaganda has left him nothing to offer in exchange for the concessions he seeks: every possible agreement has been dismissed in advance as appeasement. At the same time, the Republicans in Congress refuse, when it comes to the point, to back up wild words with deeds.

This schizophrenia is now the main characteristic of American treatment of foreign affairs. There is neither consistency nor direction in this drifting and fear-ridden Administration. In one week the Vice-President suggested that American units should be sent to Indo-China; the next week the President insisted that he has never considered such an appalling idea. Last week, Mr. Dulles and Admiral Radford arrived in London blowing hot for immediate intervention; the Admiral returned to Washington to urge caution on the President. This explains the very cautious statement that President Eisenhower made to his press conference last Thursday. Asked what he meant by a *modus vivendi*, the President said: ". . . he was trying to steer a course between two extremes, one of which would be unattainable and the other unacceptable." Unhappily, Mr. Dulles has also excluded, verbally at least, the middle course of a negotiated settlement.

The cause of this paralysis lies not merely in the political confusions of the Administration, but also in the politics of Congress in an election year. Congress cannot easily propose policy, but its pressure groups have a power of veto that can most effectively dispose of any line of action they dislike. Negotiation is ruled out because, with an election campaign already under way, no Congressman or Senator is prepared to make concessions to the Reds. At the same time, Congress betrays Mr. Dulles, who takes his anti-Communism more conscientiously than professional politicians, by refusing, despite all the bluster, to "go it alone." Republicans applauded the doctrine of "massive retaliation" because it promised to make a lighter demand on U.S. manpower and permitted useful budgetary economies. Yet, in the event, despite the promises of the Pentagon, despite the Administration's enthusiasm for the "New Look" in strategy, Mr. Dulles found that the threat of atomic war was empty. Once again he had to decide whether or not to "fritter" American units in another peripheral war—this time in Indo-China. Once the party leaders in Congress told the White House that they would not agree to this, all Mr. Dulles's postures in recent weeks became ridiculous.

For two years Mr. Dulles has wavered between the "unattainable" and the "unacceptable" in foreign policy—limits that have been set, not by the actions and offers of the Communists, but by his own party's insistence on being interventionists and isolationists at the same time. Unable to make peace, unable to make war, Mr. Dulles is floundering between the rock and the whirlpool. The doctrine of "American leadership" has ended in his dumb and sullen exodus from a conference sought by everyone save the United States.

This situation, too, has its dangers. Internal politics and the negative checks in the U.S. Constitution—an obstacle to "leadership" that Mr. Attlee rightly noted a year ago—combine to make American policy unstable, precisely because it is fundamentally an oscillating response to domestic pressures rather than the result of a careful assessment of the world situation. Mr. Truman and Mr. Acheson, who tried hard to follow a consistent line against the several assaults of Mr. Dulles, Senator Taft and, in their last years of office, General MacArthur and Senator McCarthy, must be watching the present chaos with despair, moderated only by their knowledge that the Republicans are moving towards electoral defeat in November. The lesson that Britain should learn from this is that which the Labour Government learnt at the time of the MacArthur crisis: that, despite the physical power of the U.S., the opportunity exists for British leadership. It is already clear that the Administration, despite the rebuff to Mr. Dulles, is still intent on organising a general anti-Chinese crusade in the Far East. It is for Britain, in a still united Commonwealth, to call a halt.

An African Slavery

I. "Little Corner of Paradise"

ANGOLA is a Portuguese colony as big as half Europe. It matters to the world at large in the exact proportion that the persistence of slavery matters.

To the sea-faring voyager this African country is a long lifting coast of grey and silver hills behind the line of Atlantic surf some days of southward sailing from the Gulf of Guinea. Here and there along this coast old slaving forts squat in primrose shadows above the blue sea: the towns lie half-asleep beneath their fronded palms: and the Banco de Angola, capping this medieval outpost with a usurious caution which even the Fuggers had left behind, refuses to pay interest on deposits and makes no loans.

I came in myself by the back door, apprehensive of not coming in at all, and crossed the country by slow railway stages. Seen from the interior, Angola is a wide wilderness of empty plains and tormented tufous hills apparently without population: in fact, about four million people live here. It is so wide that the rolling stock of the Benguela Railway takes three days and nights to cross it. More properly, this rolling stock ought to be called reeling stock, for much of the permanent way is laid on sand and loose earth: moreover, some of the gradients are best not known about beforehand. Yet it would be miserly to grudge a word of praise to the Benguela Railway, for it has two claims on our respect. The first is that its engineering achievement is amazing, for it crosses not only the savage plateau of inland Angola but also the tooth-edged mountains which make a belt of desert along the coast; and it does all this with a fine old pioneering unconcern for its own or anybody else's comfort. The second is that it is the only British-owned railway in this day and age, I think, in whose working forced labour is employed.

It is not entirely or even mainly worked by such labour. Exactly how many forced workers it employs I discovered only when I could reach Senhor Escudero, down at Lobito where the long Atlantic waves reach over to Brazil. Senhor Escudero is the general manager of the Benguela Railway, whose stock is held as to 90 per cent. by a British company, Tanganyika Concessions. A gentle Portuguese upon whom a call for courtesy is happily irresistible, he occupies a modest little wooden bungalow, set among tall flowers, where the seaward-reaching spit of Lobito's harbour narrows to a strand between the ocean on either

side. He is strongly of the opinion that there is no such thing as labour trouble in Angola, nor indeed any sort of trouble; and he was happy to tell me anything I would like to know.

I would like to know how many forced workers he has. Senhor Escudero calls for the files: altogether, we find—examining the files with the curiosity of visitors to a collection of rare stamps—that Senhor Escudero has 13,453 *voluntarios* and 2,018 *contradados*. Not a bad proportion: most companies have a much higher proportion of *contradados*. *Contradados* are really slaves. Senhor Escudero is much too polite for any name as crude as that: all the same, that is what they are. That is what makes Angola rather more than an insignificant wilderness: this is the only colony in Africa where theory and practice combine to operate what Henry Nevinson, looking at the place 50 years ago, called a modern slavery.

What I saw this winter shows that the system is more humane than it was in Nevinson's day, but is otherwise unchanged. In those old-fashioned times they brought down the *contradados* (who were called *serviçaes*) by foot, marching them crazily across the Hungry Country beyond Silva Porto and down through the mountains along the still older slave trails of the splendid days before full-blown slavery was abolished. "The whole length of the path (into the interior)," Nevinson recorded of his journey from the coast, "was strewn with white bones—the bones of slaves." The British shareholders of Benguela Railway stock will be relieved to hear that nowadays their slaves are brought down in trucks and railway wagons, and almost always survive the experience. Furthermore, they are even paid a small wage, because it is in fashion nowadays to cosset Africans; and the food and medical services are often quite good.

Yet it is still a little breath-taking to travel through a country that is run quite largely on forced labour. The Portuguese Constitution, of course, says that forced labour is abolished, impossible, and generally out of the question; but no one in Angola seems to know about this Constitution. Perhaps it got lost in Dr. Salazar's desk: what happens in Angola is that local authority insists that every male African must show proof of having worked for six months in the year previous to inquiry, or of being in work at the time of inquiry. Otherwise (but I fear one should write "in any case") the adult male African—though not if he is less than about 10 years old—who falls into the hands of any investigating inquiry, from the cashier's mistress up to the Governor-General himself, is likely to find himself "on contract."

So thoughtful is this system that every employer of voluntary labour has to sign his employees' "personal books" every evening: otherwise, as a young Portuguese engineer in charge of a textile mill outside Luanda explained to me, "the men may be taken by the police for forced labour." Officials defend this system as a means of protecting the women and of educating the idle African to be a breadwinner. A recent Portuguese apologist, Senhor da Silva Cunha, has argued cogently that the system sanctifies "the salutory principle of obligation to labour." Dr. Pereira, who is head of the Department of Native Affairs in Angola, told me that he estimates for all Angola at the moment a total of about 400,000 *voluntarios* and 379,000 *contradados*. "We do it," he said, "to protect the women." Certainly, the women are profoundly affected. Absence of men on forced labour elsewhere often causes local chiefs and headmen (responsible for the unpaid upkeep of rural roads) to call up women and quite small children for compulsory work. Until lately, chiefs and headmen who failed in this duty were mercilessly flogged; but I am assured there is now much less flogging than a couple of years ago.

Employers who need forced labour indent for it from the Government-General. The Government-General allocates *contradados* according to a theoretical calculation of the probable number of adult males available. Approved demands for forced labour are sent to local administrators; and the *chefe de posto*, through his chief or headman, is then obliged to provide the stated number of men. Thus it happens that forced workers completing one "contract" may be straightway taken for another, because the demand for forced labour apparently always exceeds the supply. These forced workers pass their lives in intermittent slavery: the only differences between "contract labour" and institutional slavery being precisely that "contract labour" is intermittent and that it is paid a small wage. This wage may be a pound a month; but the *contradado* receives no more than a third or a quarter of this during his conscripted period, and is generally thought to be extremely fortunate if he afterwards sees much of the balance, for the balance passes at the end of his service through the impoverished hands of the local *chefe* and his own headman.

All reliable witnesses whom I was able to consult—and they were not few, because Angola gathers the political opponents of Dr. Salazar as well as many decent foreigners—were agreed that the amount of forced labour had steadily increased over the past twenty years: indeed, ever since this colony climbed out of the depression of the Thirties. At the same time, they agreed, they had witnessed a steady narrowing of the difference which separates free from forced labour. It is apparently beyond question that free workers in the interior are often paid less and treated worse than forced workers. What this means can be watched on plantations up country and at the diamond mines of the Lunda province. These diamond mines belong to the good old days of primitive "pioneering"; and I was unable to visit them. Owned mainly by British, American and Belgian diamond interests, they possess a prospecting monopoly over five-sixths of the country, and, to quote the limpid words of Skinner's *Mining Yearbook*, the Angola Diamond Company "is exempt from taxation both as to import duties on plant and materials and export duties on diamonds." It may be noted in passing that medical missionaries in Angola are not only not exempt from import duties on such things as steel window frames for hospitals, but have to pay duty even on drugs and medical equipment.

Another right this company possesses is an absolute monopoly on all labour recruitment over most of the Lunda province, which is about half the size of England. According to Captain Mario Costa, its agent in Luanda, the company now has about 11,000 "free workers" and about 4,000 "forced workers," although other reports give a higher figure for the second. Other reports also say that forced workers theoretically conscripted for one year's service must often remain at the mines for much longer than that. At these mines, clearly, the difference between free and forced is little more than verbal. Africans who have to pay money taxes have to earn money: in practice, they can usually do that only by seeking wage employment. In most of the Lunda province they can find employment only at the mines. Perhaps that is why the diamond company's free workers are paid less than its forced workers. However, Captain Costa says on this point that the forced workers are paid a little more because they are "*un petit peu forcés, n'est-ce pas?*" They are indeed.

Captain Costa was unable to come down to sordid detail from the lofty levels of diplomacy which he inhabits in his 18th-century office in Luanda, and saw me out with a few well-chosen words. Outside his door, however, the company has erected a number of painted posters on which it advertises the splendours of its "social policy." I quote from these. In 1947 the company had 17,500 workers, of whom 5,500 were provided "by intervention of the authorities"—that is, were forced workers. All these African employees received 10,050,000 Angolars in wages and rations, and a further 4,450,000 Angolars in "various goods." This gives an average money-kind wage of 830 Angolars for each worker in 1947, or about £10 10s a year. In 1947 the company paid about 32 per cent. a share.

There is some improvement in the territory to be noted over the past few years. The administration is said to be getting less careless and corrupt: it seems that food and medical services are generally better. About 20,000 people in the African quarter of Lobito now have as many as sixteen water taps between them. Up country, though, things remain much as they were. "Improvement in the general condition of rural Africans? I see none," a doctor with long years in the country told me: "Nutritionally they are worse off on the whole than they were when there was more forest and wild life. The mosquitoes, ticks, flies are the same as ever. Tuberculosis must have increased tenfold in the last 20 years."

Among the gardens of Lobito, Senhor Escudero turned to me with quietly meditative eyes. "Angola," he said dreamily; "it's a little corner of Paradise in Africa, I always say."

Lobito, Angola. BASIL DAVIDSON

London Diary

THE Home Secretary has finally agreed to set up a Departmental Committee on homosexuality and prostitution. This decision brings proper satisfaction to those who have been campaigning for such an Inquiry ever since last autumn. On October 31 this journal prophesied that in the new atmosphere of public opinion some M.P.s would be bold enough to press for an investigation. This proved correct, and the promoters in the end turned out to be Sir Robert Boothby and Desmond Donnelly. The question now is whether there were good reasons, as Sir Hugh Lucas-Tooth implied in the House of Commons, for preferring a Departmental Committee to a Royal Commission. One of the advantages of a Commission would have been a better chance that it would go abroad, like the Gowers Commission on Capital Punishment, and study foreign experience. I doubt, moreover, whether a Committee will have the thoroughness of the Gowers Commission, which set up a new kind of record by doing some of its own research, instead of relying entirely on the evidence and opinion of witnesses. There will be no lack of witnesses from the side of the present controversy that thinks the law should remain as it is; the danger is that people may be deterred from presenting the other side by the fear that they might thus brand themselves for life as "queers." From this point of view, a Departmental Committee may have some advantages, because it is a less formal and usually much less publicised type of investigation.

* * *

So the Press Council did, after all, prove the right kind of tribunal to deal with the dispute between Mr. Tom Hopkinson and Mr. Gunn, the Editor of the *Daily Sketch*. It was exactly the kind of case which a Press Council should be able

to deal with, and its sensible and unequivocal findings will no doubt make all editors and sub-editors more careful about how they treat contributors' copy. The least satisfactory part of the business was that Mr. Gunn refused personally to attend the Press Council inquiry. His solicitors even thought it unwise for Mr. Gunn to give evidence in the hearing of Mr. Hopkinson. So the Council had to reach a decision without the benefit of Mr. Gunn's personal testimony.

* * *

"You will notice that when the so-called Left is guilty of any foolishness or action calculated to embarrass the Labour Party there is one thing it can be sure of: first-class publicity in the anti-Labour Press." So writes Mr. Morrison in a journal called *Socialist Commentary*. I read this on May 5, and, knowing how much he would hate it if any remarks of his "calculated to embarrass the Labour Party" were to receive publicity in the anti-Labour Press, I looked anxiously through that morning's headlines. If Mr. Morrison had actually put a knife into Mr. Bevan's back he could scarcely have received a better press. "Morrison Rockets Bevan" (*Daily Express*). "Morrison Accuses Bevan" (*News Chronicle*). "Morrison Flays Walk-Out Bevan" (*Daily Mail*). Other front-page headlines were: "Morrison Hits at Bevan" (*Daily Mirror*). "Bevan Costs Us 30 Seats, Says Mr. Morrison" (*Daily Telegraph*). The only popular paper which referred to Mr. Morrison's article inconspicuously on page two (with all his personal attacks and embarrassing phrases omitted), was the *Daily Herald*. This publicity in the anti-Labour Press must cause Mr. Morrison a good deal of pain, but I cannot help wondering why, in a magisterial article devoted to attacking the disrupters of Labour unity, he reminded the anti-Labour Press of Bevan's damaging "vermin" speech. If that unwise utterance lost Labour seats in 1950, why resurrect it now on the eve of important municipal elections? I recall, too, that it was his political opponents, and not his old colleagues, whom Mr. Bevan was calling names.

* * *

I asked a friend with knowledge of the country for information about Pham Van Dong, who has just arrived in Geneva to lead the Viet Minh delegation. I learn that he is an old-time Communist, who was in Canton before he was twenty years old, when Ho Chi Minh was secretary-translator to Borodin. He comes from a Mandarin family, and went to Whampoa, the Military Academy which was then headed by that once great revolutionary, Chiang Kai-shek. He was sent by Ho Chi Minh to Indo-China to organise Communist resistance, and was imprisoned for six years by the French. After Hiroshima, he became Minister of Finance in Ho's provisional government, and in 1946 was one of the toughest negotiators who accompanied Ho Chi Minh to Paris for the unhappy negotiations with the French. He was afterwards made President of the Defence Council and Deputy Prime Minister.

* * *

I notice that the mammoth press has found headline material in Victor Purcell's *Malaya—Communist or Free?* (Gollancz, 15*s*.). Has he not made a fierce attack on General Templer, whose period of command, in any case, comes to an end this summer? Personally, I thought this the least important part of Purcell's book; the gist of this attack has appeared before in periodicals, and it is, in my view, rather too personal and vehement to be altogether effective. I hope this press publicity does not distract attention from the very great merits of the book itself. It tells, in most readable language, the story of Malaya; describes the problems of the "plural" society created by British colonial policy, and argues that the only chance of creating a free and non-Communist Malaya lies in political and social changes which unite instead of dividing Malays from the Chinese. This journal plans to publish a Supplement on Malaya in two or three weeks' time; it will certainly acknowledge a considerable debt to Dr. Purcell, who has passed something like a lifetime in the country, talks several kinds of Chinese as well as Malay, and is now a lecturer in Far Eastern history at Cambridge.

* * *

Memorial Trusts have not had much success since the war. Efforts to get money to commemorate Wells and Shaw, for instance, were both flops. The Memorial to Sir Stafford Cripps, backed by a long list of distinguished people, headed by Mr. Attlee, should be more successful. In the first place, it was an excellent idea to have his portrait bust in St. Paul's Cathedral done by Sir Jacob Epstein. With further money subscribed, the trustees hope to do such things as to endow an annual Stafford Cripps Memorial Lecture and Conference at a University; possibly to found scholarships, and research into industrial problems, and to support "charities" which specialise in "improving human relations, particularly in industrial affairs." Many people, I should think, would like to give to these objects. Those who once talked of Sir Stafford as they now do of Aneurin Bevan and took pleasure in throwing him out of the Labour Party, will now be particularly eager to add their names to the subscription list.

* * *

Inspired by the success of the Rt. Hon. Sir Winston Churchill, R.A., I have recently started to paint in oils. The result is immensely satisfying—to myself. My mind has never been so happily preoccupied. I cannot paint with reasonable efficiency an old brick wall or an old man's face, but I cannot pass one or the other without puzzling how I should do it, if I could. Even chess fascinates me less; politics are a bore. Bikini simply raises the question how one paints an atomic mushroom. I listen eagerly to a plenitude of advice. I ought to find a competent teacher; on no account should I spoil the freshness of my vision by taking lessons. I should sit by the side of an experienced painter and watch him paint; nothing could be worse than to learn short cuts by seeing how another painter does it. I should never draw first and then paint; I ought to draw only with the brush. I must sketch my whole design first and "fix" it before I apply the colours. I should not bother at all, but just go ahead and paint my fancy. I should begin with easy things; I should skip all preliminaries and plunge right into everything complicated and difficult that engages my attention. I should take advice from old and experienced friends; I should take no notice at all of what anybody says and just do what I damn well please. The only point on which I am sure is that my education was lamentably neglected. Why did I waste so many lack-lustre hours learning the grammar of dead languages, instead of being compelled to attend a Life Class?

* * *

Mr. Macmahon Ball tells this excellent story about Japan in the New York *Nation*. An American official in Tokyo, trying to overcome Mr. Yoshida's reluctance to rearm, explained to him that there would be no danger of renewing the army's political power since under the new constitution the civilians would control the generals. "But how would that happen?" asked the puzzled Premier; "the generals would have the guns, wouldn't they?"

CRITIC

FOR A' THAT

"The leader of a delegation of Russian miners was cheered wildly in Edinburgh on May Day when he quoted Burns."—*News item.*

Let lairds an' earls the comrades fear,
An' Ministers an' a' that,
When Bolshie laddies visit here
We'll tak' their hands for a' that!
For a' that, an' a' that,
The T.U.C. an' a' that,
We greet the bonnie Bolshevik
Wha kens his Burns an' a' that!

Though Edinbro' is no Red Square
Wi' jets an' tanks an' a' that,
May Day is May Day everywhere,
Wi' banners, bands an' a' that!
For a' that an' a' that,
For auld lang syne an' a' that,
We greet fraternal delegates
Wi' Rabbie Burns an' a' that!

Our comrades from the Soviet State,
The Workers' State they ca' that,
Say proletarians dictate,
They've lost their chains an' a' that;
Burns might ha' said for a' that,
Scots wouldna change for a' that,
For comrades in the Russian mines,
They munna strike for a' that.

They canna win a five-day week
Wi' overtime an' a' that;
Production must stay at the peak,
An' ilka mine mun shaw that.
For a' that an' a' that,
Their higher norms an' a' that,
But though he's a Stakhanovite,
A man' s a man for a' that!

Our comrades say, till come the day
(Which may delay for a' that)
Our Rabbie's line links mine to mine,
Despite cauld war an' a' that!
For a' that an' a' that,
Das Kapita' an' a' that,
While Burns is sung in the Russian tongue,
We'll brithers be for a' that!

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

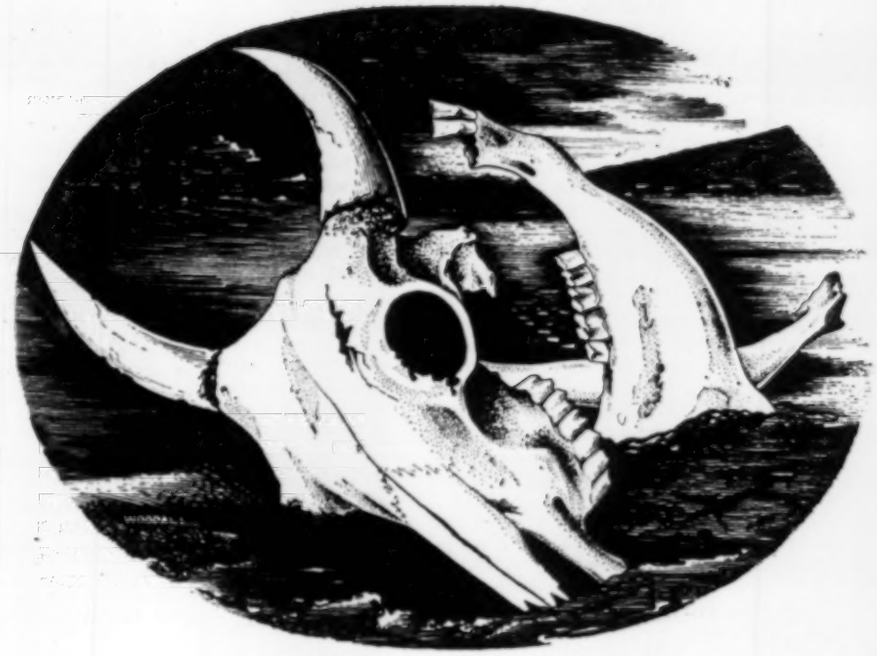
The smell of fish and chips floats over Richmond's quiet, old-world Yorkshire market place from nearby shops six days a week.

Now the town's improvements committee wants the smell on Sundays, too. They think it will attract visitors.—*New Chronicle*. (R. G. Salmon.)

Tornado would train girl to ride wall-of-death; good knitter preferable.—Advt. in *Southend Standard*. (N. Clarke.)

If I had never known a world other than the one menaced by A-bombs, H-bombs or other such devilish contraptions I think I might find relief in getting into drainpipe trousers.—From *Brighton Evening Argus*. (H. Twort.)

Bachelor, 34, 5ft 9in, . . . sincere, strong belief in fair play, general interest in most sports, country, home life, wishes to meet young lady, 24/34, working class, sincere, intelligent, not anyone who has fraternised with American servicemen or other nationalities, view friendship and marriage.—From *London Weekly Advertiser*. (Shirley Allen.)



No Man's Land

GREAT TRACTS OF AFRICA remain today much as Livingstone found them — silent, often beautiful, potentially fertile, but without human inhabitants. No man lives here, for he cannot survive without his beasts, and in those regions even the hardiest cattle are struck down by a deadly disease—trypanosomiasis—which is carried by the tsetse fly. Today, modern science is mounting a powerful offensive against trypanosomiasis. The spearhead of its attack is aimed at the malady itself, by providing drugs to cure the disease or prevent it developing in animals living in tsetse-infested areas.

In 1949, a group of I.C.I. scientists, working in laboratories in Manchester, evolved an entirely new compound, 'Antrycide', which can cure cattle stricken with trypanosomiasis. Even more important, however, is the protective effect of 'Antrycide', for animals treated with it can live in, or pass through, tsetse-infested areas, where there is better grazing. Similarly, herds can be protected during the long treks which they may have to make across dangerous tsetse areas in order to reach markets hundreds of miles distant. Many obstacles have to be faced by those who hope to transform the fly-belts of Africa into productive regions where livestock and agriculture may flourish. But the increasing use of modern veterinary drugs—of which 'Antrycide' is an outstanding example—will undoubtedly help towards a solution of this important problem.

Imperial Chemical Industries Limited

Graduates and Wives

HERE are three women graduates. The first is period 1900-1920. She is a pioneer—a doctor perhaps, or a don. She has fought hard for her education, harder for her career: she has taken on men and beaten them, and indeed—with her plain felt hat held on by a cord to the lapel of her severe tailor-made—she appears what she is: an honorary man. She has friends rather than intimates among her male colleagues, who praise her for being that exception to her sex, the woman who "thinks like a man." She is unmarried; and regards a young pupil or colleague who "gives up" a career for marriage as one more soldier lost to the Cause for which she has clung to railings and walked in processions.

The second is period 1920-40. She too is a professional woman, though she has not had to fight so hard to become one, and she has a husband and a child for whom she runs a comfortable home (domestic labour is cheap and relatively plentiful). She is touchy about status, and particular about being known as Mrs. Mary X, an independent person, not Mrs. Peter X, mere appendage of a male. She is still conscious of the Cause, but she is also conscious of the pleasures of the mixed company she has enjoyed since her college days. As she crusaded then for the abolition of the chaperone rules, so now she crusades for the right to both worlds, professional and domestic. She is constantly encouraging her bureaucratic friends who contemplate matrimony to live instead in sin, so as to show up the iniquities of the marriage bar in the Civil Service. The defaulters in her eyes are not those who marry, but those who give up their jobs to do so. (When I left the B.B.C. in 1935 I was scolded by a woman Governor for not staying to provide "a really good test case for the continued employment of married women.")

The third graduate dates from 1940. She has had to fight no battles for her education, and she was positively begged to enter a profession during the war years. There was no glamour or sense of special achievement in embarking on a career: everyone was doing a job. She worked in the administrative grade of the Civil Service and never thought of resigning on marriage; after the leave for her first baby, she still struggled on, organising a series of dailies to run her home while she pondered on the needs of the natives of New Guinea for pots manufactured in Burslem. From the maternity leave for her second baby she never returned to the Ministry, but she has no sense of betrayal at giving up her career. She now has one more child, runs her home most ably, almost single-handed; but she has no need to drop out of the conversation when her husband's friends or her former colleagues come for a week-end. When the youngest child goes to school, she proposes to do a part-time job; and as she lives in a town with several good girls' schools, and as she read chemistry at the University, she has a good chance of teaching two days a week.

The first two of these partial portraits are personal impressions; the third is partly based on the evidence of a P.E.P. broadsheet* and of the correspondence it has provoked, notably in the *Manchester Guardian* and *The Times*. It records a survey organised by Mrs. Judith Hubback into the lives of two thousand married women who have graduated since 1930. Her figures confirm several impressions. Far more university women marry now than in the early days of women's colleges. Of those graduating at Newnham before 1900, a quarter ultimately married; of those graduating between 1930 and 1939, over half had married by 1947. The marriage rate for women graduates today is almost as high as for all women between 20 and 45: a bluestocking no longer inspires alarm in the hearts of young men, because intellectual ability has long since ceased to be vouched for by shiny noses or dowdy clothes. (A college Principal once pointed out to me with pleasure that half her Firsts that year had been "pin-up" girls.) Nor does intelligence imply infertility: over half the sample have two or three children and 14 per cent. have four or more. Only about 15 per cent. could say that marriage had no effect on their career; 23 per cent. had given up their jobs on marriage, and 26 per cent. on the birth of a child. Strangely, lack of domestic help as a reason for giving up a career was only cited by 3 per cent.; but is not the decisive factor the cost rather than the scarcity of such help? Ten per cent. felt their career had only been temporarily interrupted; another ten per cent. had at once turned to freelance or part-time work; and nearly half wanted to work again when the children needed them less. And—death of an illusion?—"about half women graduates enjoy domestic work."

The really interesting thing about the P.E.P. report is that it is essentially a record of personal choices: whether a married graduate works outside the home has become, as it should be, her own affair. The figures do not conjure up a host of martyrs forced to sacrifice their talents because they were debarred from professions or forcibly chucked out on marriage. (Only 2 per cent. of the sample had stopped work because of a marriage bar). Nor do they indicate a rout of reactionaries trampling on hard-won liberties with cries of *Kirche, Küche und Kinder*. They suggest individuals deliberately making decisions in the light of their own talents, temperament, health, economic needs, their husband's co-operation and the number and ages of their children. They reflect such decisions as whether to struggle on with two jobs and afford better education for the children; whether to live more simply, give up outside work and have more energy for the family; whether to offset childlessness by increasing outside activities; whether the frustration of not doing an outside job is worse than the exhaustion of doing it. Some talents are undoubtedly easier to exercise from the home. It is easier for a married woman to do freelance journalism than to go on circuit; easier to teach in a woman's college than to be on a hospital staff (half the Fellows and lecturers in my own college are married). A wife in a country district may find plenty of valuable unpaid work, but no suitable salaried job.

No doubt many of the figures reflect decisions that were hard to make: few young women on the way up in a profession actually enjoy giving up their position to meet family claims, however convinced they are of the value of their job as mother. The hardness, however, comes mainly from the limitations of a situation voluntarily entered upon, and has none of the bitterness of a decision forcibly imposed by other people. Graduates very well understand that, as we have not unlimited time or energy, the pleasures of being a wife or mother may have to be paid for in not being a Dame or a D.Litt.; that while you *can* start or re-start a career at 45, you can't then start a family.

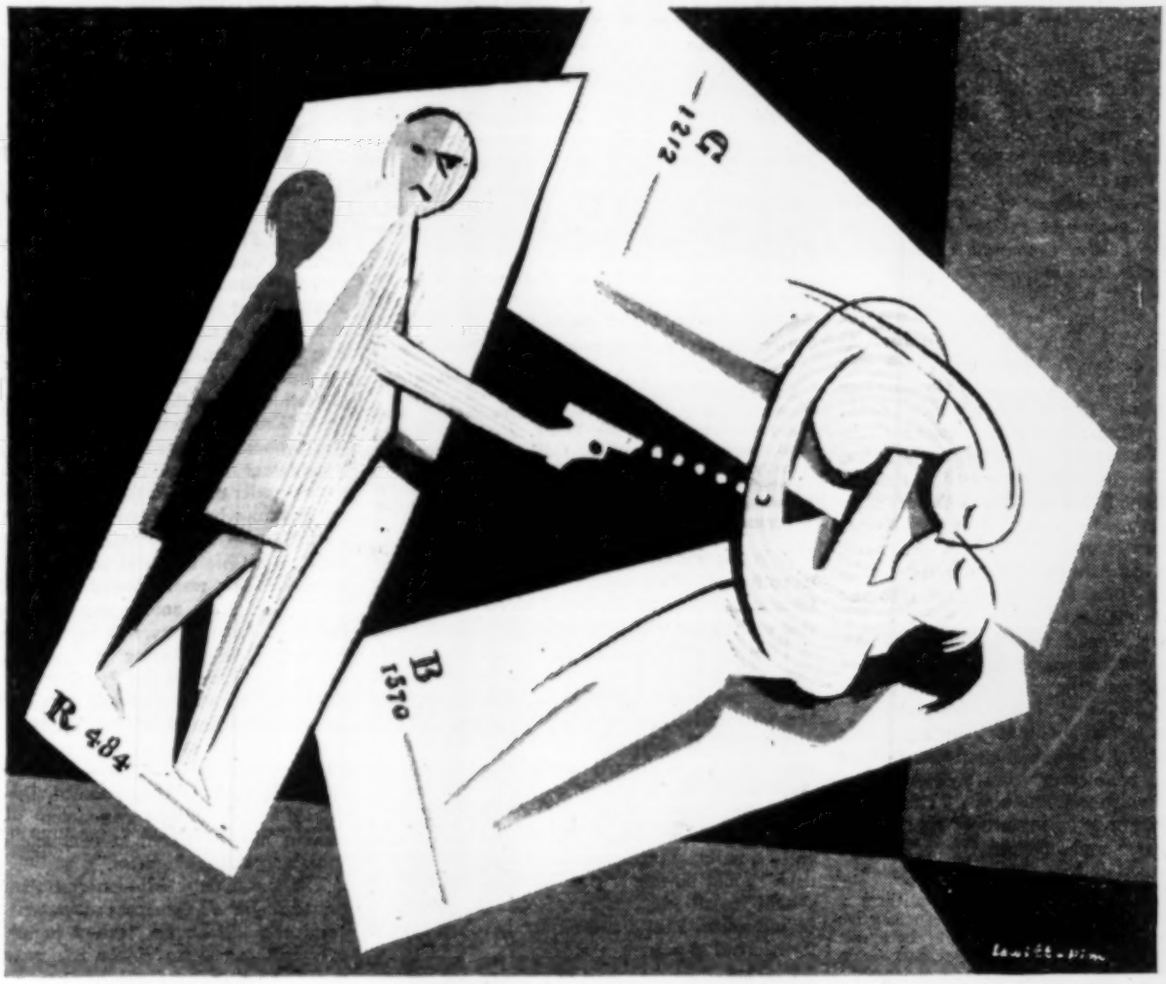
There may be no objections in principle to married women working, but a surprising number of minor obstacles remain. Such are the rigidity of employers who could use part-time workers but don't (in this, independent schools are ahead of the State). Or the legacy of out-of-date housing which makes the running of many homes so excessively arduous. Or the taxation which compels a married woman to earn so much more on an outside job than the cost of the domestic labour to replace her—if she merely wants to break even, let alone add to the family income. No wonder if many graduates who would like to work feel the odds are piled up against them.

Beyond these stresses from outside there is a certain amount of discontent and hankering among graduate wives who have chosen the home as their main activity. Here it is important to distinguish what the hankering is for. There is the real frustration of a special skill—in doctoring, say, or architecture; but regret for an interrupted career may mask nostalgia for the camaraderie of office or common-room, or for the status that went with the job. Mrs. A., whose present occupation seems so little different from that of her non-graduate neighbours, yearns back to the days when she was "Miss B. with that interesting job in P.E.P." Boredom with domestic routine may encourage day-dream longings for a might-have-been career that never really started. Here the imponderables which the report mentions, but cannot assess, count for much: "the indirect contribution which a trained mind and cultured outlook can make to family life and to the life of the nation generally." The self-pity of the graduate fond of describing herself as "chained to the sink" may reflect a failure to realise the values implicit in her humane education, or the potentialities of the job she has chosen; not to speak of a lack of intelligence in organising her life. (The very use of "the sink" as symbol of domestic slavery points to something wrong. With only a modest outlay on equipment the daily washing-up of any family with children over eight should take less time than a Hampstead breadwinner with a job in S.W.1 spends in the Tube.) An overload of domestic chores may be the measure of the graduate wife's failure to apply the same intelligence to the home routine as to a textual problem, or to educate her husband and children to help, or to revise the domestic standards inherited from her mother, sifting out the essentials, such as cleanliness and good cooking, from the inessentials—display of silver, endless cooked puddings. Cheese and fresh fruit can soften many a domestic martyrdom.

Although the report does reflect personal choices, the use of a woman graduate's talent is bound to be partly a public question because of the public money that now goes to make her a graduate. Is society—which has forked out for the State Scholarships, the County Major Scholarships, the supplementary awards, the allowances for clothes and books—getting good value for its money? Or is every graduate who walks out of a career to be considered a bad investment? Reasonable questions, but they should be asked in the right context. There must be no confusion of education and of vocational training: the Greats man is not held to have wasted his four years if he goes into administration rather than classical teaching. Nor must the value of a job be judged by its label or market price. "Journalist, £800 p.a." may look an impressive return for money invested, as against "Housewife, no salary"; but is the single woman of 35 working on a glossy fashion paper really more valuable to the community than a contemporary who runs a happy and stimulating home, keeps her husband in mind that life contains art and ideas as well as office problems, and brings up her children to prefer Beatrix Potter to Enid Blyton, Kathleen Ferrier to a crooner, discussion to dictation, making things to destroying them?

JANET ADAM SMITH

*Graduate Wives. *Planning*, No. 361. 16 Queen Anne's Gate, S.W.1. 2*s*



The Schweppshire Way of Life

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"Cards" with holes punctured in the appropriate places, look like, and often are, old pianola rolls. The form, which may take four months to fill up, contains typical simple questions which must be answered with "YES", "NO", or "SORT OF", e.g. *Do you hate Handel? Do you like being photographed? Do you pronounce "Often" "orfn"? Do you only cut toenails when they saw through socks? Do you have greengrocer whose mother voted Liberal? Do you think of radio short-waves as looking like a gunners' tie?*

By Schweppidiascope attachment (see inset) your future career is projected on to a screen. If, in answer to the question "Am I a rejected lover or a loyal wife", the reply is "no answer", it does not mean that the machine has gone wrong. It can safely be said that for the era which gave the wrong jobs to the right people, we have substituted the Age of the Wrong People in the Right Jobs.

Written by Stephen Potter, designed by Levitt-Hon.

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

Sartre and the Communists

THE Sartre-Kanapa "correspondence" marked an important stage in the long heart-searching process through which the intellectuals of France have been going in recent years in an effort to define their attitude towards the Communists. The difficulty of discussing the matter in general terms arises, of course, from the fact that there are people in France (like M. Raymond Aron, for instance) who have every right to consider themselves as "intellectuals," but to whom the Communists are "untouchables"; they do not see any dilemma at all in the Communist "problem." Similarly, there are Communists, like stiff-necked M. Kanapa, who at heart still stick to the time-honoured principle that "he who is not with us is against us." But on neither side is the uncompromising attitude prevalent today. It was precisely by singling out M. Kanapa for what one Paris paper called "execution" that Sartre tried to narrow still further the gulf between Communists and Intellectuals. Sartre's wrath had been roused because Kanapa had, in his view, lumped together all the non-Communist "intellectuals" of France—ranging from the Koestlerites and Burnhamites of *Preuves* to Sartre himself—as so many degenerates and *intellectuels-flics*, or police spies, always ready to stab the Communists in the back.

After a long silence, the "demolished" M. Kanapa came out with an answer to Sartre in *l'Humanité*. In this, he ate dirt. He deeply "regretted" that Sartre had "misunderstood" him; of course, he had not meant to include Sartre among the *intellectuels-flics*; of course, he had not meant to be nasty to everybody who didn't agree on everything with the Communists. How could Kanapa be thought to have put on the same level the Koestlerites and Sartre's own *Temps Modernes*?

> As a Marxist, I cannot consider existentialism as a progressive doctrine, but as a form of subjective idealism, tied at the present stage to bourgeois ideology. But it would be unreasonable to see in this an "insult"... Philosophical discussions are both useful and necessary, and should be possible without undermining the indispensable unity of political action... for the defence, *first and foremost*, of our national values, threatened by an imperialist America and by a servile Government. These national values are peace, national sovereignty, democracy and French culture.

For Communists to attack Sartre *was* absurd. Especially since May, 1952, Sartre had taken the lead in the struggle against the widespread conception, built up during the 1947-49 period, that the Communists were, somehow, "outside the national community of France." De Gaulle had treated them as "separatists"; a vast propaganda machinery had been set in motion to treat the Communists as "enemies of France," agents of Moscow; millions of pounds had been spent on financing a crude propaganda machine like *Paix et Liberté*; tremendous exertions had been made to organise a stunt like the Kravchenko trial; and, as Sartre was to write in 1952, in Parliamentary terms, even apart from the swindle of the *apparentements* which reduced a Communist voter's weight by half, there was an invisible curtain between the Communist Deputies and the others, which made the Communists' presence in the National Assembly almost meaningless.

This was the attitude against which Sartre had been protesting ever since the Pinay Government devised its fantastic frame-up of Duclos and his carrier pigeons. In this stunt, as in the arrest of André Stil and other thoroughly "illegal" actions, Sartre saw the first signs of a vast conspiracy for outlawing the Communist Party as such. It must be said that his was not an isolated reaction; even Mauriac, in the highly conformist and anti-Communist *Figaro*, rebelled against these methods, which had in them an unpleasant whiff of the Reichstag Fire.

There were, of course, at least two reasons for the acute anti-Communism of a few years ago. The French bourgeoisie was then genuinely scared of Russia: in 1948-49 the possibility of a Russian invasion of Western Europe was not ruled out; and this, in turn, played straight into the hands of the American-subsidised propaganda machine. Not that anti-Communism in France—except among dowagers who read the *Figaro*—ever had the same quality as the anti-Communism of America. Sartre wrote, two years ago:

> Do you imagine that the Americans could ever have manufactured that marvellous instrument of propaganda called *anti-Communism* if there were any Communists in the U.S.? If, as in France, you meet members of the C.P. every day or even every month, how can you believe that they eat babies? If, on the other hand, you have never seen a Communist, how can one prove to you that Communists *don't* eat babies?

It is significant that today M. Vallon, until recently a Gaullist deputy, should speak of the Communists as "the flesh and blood" of France; that on a number of vital issues—the sovereignty of France, anti-Americanism, anti-E.D.C. tendencies, the feeling that France is being pushed deeper and deeper into the Indo-China bog, the general animosity against Dulles and the H-Bomb—there should be an almost general feeling among large sections of the population, that, if only on these issues, the Communists have been talking sense for years. It is significant, too, that de Gaulle should no longer choose to stand on an anti-Communist platform, that the word "separatist" should no longer pass his lips, and that he should recall that, apart from the pointless Crimean war, Russia and France have not fought for nearly 150 years.

The very fact that the Communists are becoming less and less "untouchable" opens up fascinating political possibilities. The position of the Communist leadership itself is, however, far from clear. Very little has been written or said about the disgrace of Auguste Lecoeur, considered for a long time not only Maurice Thorez's right-hand man, but the man reflecting most closely the views of Moscow—as long as Stalin was alive. Lecoeur's policy was a relatively tough policy, the policy of 1952; but it was not a policy for which he was solely responsible. Was not this also the policy of Thorez who, though far from being completely cured of his partial paralysis by his Soviet doctors, was sent home almost immediately after Stalin's funeral. Thorez is not in the best of health; nevertheless it is surprising that he should have refrained from making any important statements lately, whereas most of the speaking continues to be done by the "moderates"—Duclos and Fajon. Probably the most correct diagnosis of French Communist policy today would be to say that, while the C.P. is anxious to secure the maximum support from all and sundry in its battle against E.D.C. and the war in Indo-China, it is adopting, in respect of its more general policy, an *attentiste* attitude—an attitude of "waiting." If the Indo-China war is liquidated, and E.D.C. is not ratified, it will become a well-behaved party, willing to embark on the widest co-operation with any government eager to "consolidate peace." If, on the other hand, E.D.C. is ratified and France becomes increasingly American-dominated, then the Communists may well embark on a long period of revolutionary action—an action in which, more even than in the days of the Resistance, they expect to have an immense number of allies. With the Comédie Française playing Molière to wildly enthusiastic Soviet audiences in Moscow, the climate is very different from the days of the Kravchenko trial.

ALEXANDER WERTH

Welfare of All

THE annual gathering of the Sarvodaya Samaj (Welfare of All) has just concluded at Bodh Gaya in Bihar. This is the society running India's Land Gifts Mission, led by Vinoba Bhave. Two years ago, the Samaj took a vow to collect 2½ million acres of land as free gifts from landowners to be distributed among the landless by April, 1954. The quota seemed fantastic: India was sceptical. On April 19, at a huge public meeting held in the rice fields outside the conference camp, a donation of 400,000 acres from Bihar's biggest landholder was announced, thus bringing the Mission's total to well over three million acres. In the afternoon, the ex-leader of the Praja Socialist Party, Jaiprakash Narain, who had been working for the Mission during the past year, announced that he would dedicate his life to it and would give up political activity. This was followed by about 600 other "life gifts" from among the 6,000 workers who had come from all over India to attend the conference. The gathering was addressed by the Prime Minister and the President, as well as by Acharya Kripalani, who had previously replaced Jaiprakash as leader of the Socialist opposition. The workers pledged themselves to obtain 50,000,000 acres by 1957—one-sixth of India's cultivable land. If they succeed, they will have carried out the largest non-violent social revolution in history, aimed at complete overhaul of India's agricultural system.

The Land Gifts Mission can already be described as India's first mass movement since Independence. Work has started in all the States, even in those where Vinoba has not walked himself. The record of States like Assam, where only a few hundred acres have been collected, may not be particularly impressive; but other States—Gujerat, Central Provinces, Orissa—have collected nearly 100,000 acres each, entirely on the initiative of their own workers. In Orissa, 24 villages have given all their lands to the movement so as to form voluntary Collectives; Vinoba plans to walk from Bihar to Orissa next September, by which time he expects the Bihar quota of 3.2 million acres to be reached. Bihar was chosen for this first concentrated experiment—after Vinoba's walk from Hyderabad to Delhi, and from Delhi through the United Provinces—because it was the State with the biggest population pressure as well as the most firmly entrenched *Zamindari* system.

The village of Bodh Gaya was chosen as the site of this conference because it was the place where the Buddha was enlightened. To those who objected to the furnace-like temperature, Vinoba replied in tones characteristic of the Buddha: "What does heat matter when the heart is cool?" Vinoba is, like his master Gandhi, a supremely practical saint. He has applied himself with simplicity and common sense to India's most pressing need. At the same time the inspiration for his activity is entirely religious, and he appeals to peasant and landlord alike as a Sannyasi who has sacrificed every personal comfort for the service of *Daridranarayan*—God revealed in the poor.

His policy has also been to keep the Mission clear of political alignments. He is convinced that India's revolution must be carried out on a national, as opposed to a political, level. When

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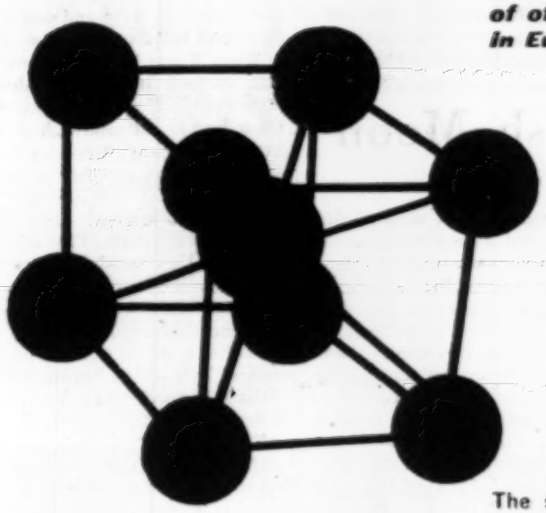

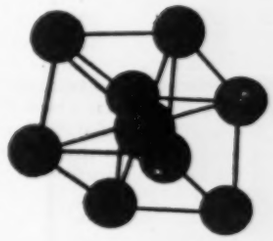

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Nehru visited the conference, Vinoba suggested all parties should openly combine to serve the the country instead of wasting their energies in fruitless squabbles. As always, his manner was gentle and appealing; he spoke as a "humble outsider." Nehru, as gently, demurred. But though the Sarvodaya will remain at present aloof from political action, Vinoba retains the reverence of all the main political leaders. Even the Communists, after attacking the movement in its early stages, are now silent.

What of the future? Distribution of the land gifts so far collected is just getting under way. Vinoba has been criticised on the grounds that giving this land to the landless will mean a further fragmentation of holdings. His reply is that the immediate problem is "the fragmentation of hearts"; and he believes that a right atmosphere in the villages, which the reform of land holdings will promote, is the only soil in which a widespread co-operative movement can grow. The burden of his message all the time is that such things must come from the people themselves and that they cannot be imposed by law from above. He has started, in conjunction with the Land Gifts Mission, a movement for *sampathidan*, the gift of one-sixth of a property-owner's wealth. With this, bullocks, implements, seeds, are to be obtained to help the new possessors of land, and secure—perhaps with Government aid—an increase in yields per acre. For this second stage the workers of the Mission will be pledged to Gandhi's ideal of small decentralised village industries and village self-sufficiency in food and clothing. It is interesting and significant that Jaiprakash Narain, when I spoke with him, made it clear that he had completely accepted the non-violent and agrarian conception of Socialism which the Sarvodaya is beginning to proclaim. In this, there are obviously the seeds of a bitter political conflict, for the urban proletariat can hardly be expected to endorse such a doctrine.

In India today there is much apathy and corruption, but in Bodh Gaya there is a new spirit of confidence and hope. One is tempted to say that Gandhi's "constructive programme," whose noble intentions failed to inspire the peasants to spin in their leisure for a return of a few annas a day, has now come fully and triumphantly into its own.

HALLAM TENNYSON

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The Irish Moon

1916 AND ALL THAT

IN Dublin, on Easter Sunday, they were opening *An Tóstal*—a term devised by the energetic and hospitable Tourist Board to connote Eire's nation-wide and well-advertised Spring Festival. As the nearest polite English equivalent of the Erse word would be (I gathered) a "show of defiance," it was not inappropriate that the ceremonies should be centred on the G.P.O., described euphemistically in the programme as "birthplace of the Republic in 1916." Indeed, we were not to forget that other Easter Sunday, or overlook the defence of the Republic's sovereign independence. To a fanfare and roll of drums, the President, top-hatted and for all the world like J. M. Barrie's Lob at a garden-party given by Nato, swung into O'Connell Street in an elderly Rolls, gravely inspected the guard of honour, and climbed up an Aer Lingus gangway to a rostrum filled (I quote again from the programme) with "dignitaries of Church and State." Brief Presidential speeches in Erse and English: another fanfare, and the hoisting of the Tostal Flag, to cheers from the packed street: then the March Past—the 2nd Brigade, very smart and soldierly, with pipes and drums, artillery, Bren-carriers, heavy mortars, light tanks and all, followed (a little less professionally) by units of the F.C.A. (Volunteer National Guard) and a contingent (very stiff and solemn) of the blue-uniformed Garda.

Militarily all quite impressive; but the opening of *An Tóstal* must have a more gracious cultural side. The troops and police were followed by a Pageant of Provinces—Ulster tactfully at the head—in which heroes, legendary and historic, were nicely blended. Deirdre and Roger Casement, Rory O'Connor and James Connolly, Cuchulain, Judge Lynch and Countess de Markiewitz—so marched they, a paraded history of blood, sorrow and triumph, with a rearguard (most moving of all in its simplicity) made up of eight men, white-haired and bent now, who had actually fought in the 1916 Rising. Then came, for good measure, the Festival of Flowers—wild hyacinth and narcissus decking floats on which pretty girls surrounded "products": motor cars, mattresses, sweets, lager and Dublin's special "product," the "Hospital Sweepstake." And in the evening, the kindly and courteous *An Bord Fáilte* took its guests from "enemy country" to Tara, where an immense flood-lit pageant on the legendary hill (a little rabbit munched the grass between me and the stage) depicted St. Patrick's victory over the Druids, the conversion of the High King, and the destruction of the pagan idols. Crom Cruach, the biggest, blew up, at the Saint's touch, in a grand burst of rockets—the immense audience divided into those who clapped Patrick for his acting and those who crossed themselves before the Saint.

Synthesis of mind-split Eire, Eire the New Ireland, materially proud of Shannon Airport and hydro-electricity, yet ridden as ever by ignorant, greedy priests? Perhaps; but what impressed me most in the day's doings and in our return, at midnight, to a Dublin of flood-lit buildings and Liffey bridges hung with thousands of lanterns reflected in the grimy tide, was the extreme efficiency with which all things—parade and decorations, pageant and aerial fly past—had been organised. Eire *has* changed: the traditional conception of the Irishman—gay and feckless, lawless and charming, dirty and unbusinesslike—requires more and more qualification.

When I was last in Iarconnacht, 25 years ago, and stopped by a tumbledown village school, somewhere (I think) between Indreabhan and Costelloe, to eat sandwiches on the road-side, a couple of ragged, bare-foot children mistook me (as it was then possible to do) for the Toiseach himself, called schoolmaster and priest, and mobilised a host of dirty little scholars who demanded a speech. That couldn't happen today, even if "Dev" and I, under the visiting moon, had remained—as we have not—passably alike. There are new schools, new houses now in Galway and Connemara; children no longer go barefoot or in rags; the C.I.E. buses run on time; there is (God help us!) a "radio-train" from Dublin to Killarney; roads where I once bumped over potholes are now fine, smooth maçadam all round the "Twelve Bens"; cabins are bright with paint; and as for "dear, dirty Connacht," you can stay, on the neck of land between Mask and Corrib, in an ex-Guinness *château* which Noel Huggard, prince of Irish *hôteliers*, has turned into one of the best hotels in Europe.

Some things in the old scene have vanished. You can no longer find "Ranji," a little corpulent as I saw him, 25 years ago, at grips with a salmon in the great river at Ballynahinch; and Oliver Gogarty is gone from Renvyle. Other things abide—donkeys and the miles of fuchsia hedges; the knots of boys at village cross-roads while the girls walk out alone; the soft welcoming voices, and the soft rain. And was Ireland, though it once was dirty, ever unbusinesslike? There was no air of novelty in that garage at Clifden which included a "7-day" licensed bar where we lowered Guinness while the junior mechanic mended—with exquisitely profitable slowness—a simple puncture. Lawless? In a town I will not name, two recent murders go unpunished because, though the criminal's identity is known, nobody will "tell on him"; and, in no less serious vein, I will confess how a visiting journalist was helped by a Sergeant of the Garda to "break into and forcibly enter" a saw-mill in order to cast a fly in the pool below the wheel. But criminal statistics, now that there is no respectable reason for shooting Englishmen, are remarkably good; and whether you say "To hell with the Pope" or not, the priesthood have to their credit a high standard of social morality.

Unless, of course, the truth be that Irishmen's sexual urgency is as over-esteemed as their sense of humour. Those Irish *raconteurs* who buttonhole unwary strangers in the pub! True, in Athlone, I enjoyed the tale—gospel truth, I was told—of the wedding party fog-bound on Dublin airport. ("They were all so drunk by evening that when the 'plane left, the bridegroom was under the table and the best man went off with the bride!") But the Irishman is, in fact, a serious person whose laughter is stirred only by such examples of the macabre: a streak of cruelty, Bergson-pattern, lurks behind the grin.

Yet, living as I do in a city whose people—because of queues, frustrations, disillusionments, poor food or general *degoût de la vie?*—have lost the art of being kindly, I look back with nostalgia to my fortnight in Eire's easy, courteous friendliness and leisurely way of life. Where else

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would a village shopkeeper offer to send his son ten miles to fetch an out-of-stock reel of cotton?

I do not mean that Fianna Fail has made the Republic an economic paradise. Though most of the big "absentee" estates have been parcelled out, and Eire, for better or worse, is now a country with no rich aristocracy, land-improvement is still visibly in arrears, and the conception of an Ireland independent and industrialised is a dream in which nobody any longer really believes. Nor do I suppose that Fine Gael, whose present appeal is "Lower taxes and cheaper living," will do any better if it wins the election. Who in Ireland cares? On the pattern of a Swiss economy—tourist revenue and agricultural exports balancing imports of heaps of watches, costume jewellery and motor cars—Eire can "get by" happily enough, even though little is done to reclaim for cattle-ranching those wasted acres in the West, and Dublin has its uncleared slums, its unemployed. And "getting by" patently involves less and less dependence on England.

As we drove from Galway through Athlone to Dublin on Good Friday, I tried to count, until I tired of it, the number of Volkswagen cars we met or overtook. Coventry, my Coventry! Hitler would probably have taken it all for granted; but I like to think that Casement, idealistic friend of my youth whom the English in panic did angrily to death, would have enjoyed the joke.

AYLMER VALLANCE

Academy Lie

As you enter this year's Summer Exhibition at Burlington House, you will see a large monumental piece of sculpture of two airmen by William McMillan. It is to be erected at London Airport, and celebrates the first direct trans-Atlantic flight by Alcock and Whitten Brown. Although more competent than many of the other works, it is dull and unimaginative. Yet, having walked round the other sculpture rooms and seen the simpering naked boys, the *haute couture* portraits, the nudes which, if small, should be sports car mascots (and, if large, flood-lit statues above road-house swimming pools), the Bambi animals, and Little John, Friar Tuck and Will Stutely as garden gnomes for Nottingham Castle, one finds oneself coming back to the McMillan with a certain increased respect. This respect hasn't a great deal to do with the work as sculpture, but rather with its purpose as a monument. In its pedestrian way it does at least try to express something worth expressing: the courage of pilots.

Formalists would say that such a consideration is quite irrelevant. Indeed they would object to such criticism on exactly the same grounds as they object to the Academy: that it is over-literary. This, I think, is a superficial view. It is true that the majority of works in the Royal Academy this year and every year are littered with silly anecdotal details and bogus sentiment. But why? And why by any standards—the standards of valid anecdotal painting (Hogarth, Ostade, Breughel), or the standards of official portraiture (Holbein, Van Dyck, David)—are they so abysmally incompetent? The answer brings us back to the issue of their purpose. The majority of them meet and are created by a demand. This demand is for the confirmation of a certain view of life: a view of life in which all public men are (paternally) benign, all girls are (intangibly, almost a-sexually) attractive, all landscapes are beauty spots or sites for the week-end cottage, all animals (except horses) Dumb Friends. Everything can be said with flowers, and All Art is Beautiful, just as Keats' *Beauty is Truth* is a Beautiful Saying—the last thing it could be is a true statement of fact.

That most Academy works arrange the world to fit illusions like these, obviously explains their sentimentality. What may not be so clear is that it equally explains their petty photographic naturalism. If you want to deceive, the best way to do it is to quote arbitrarily chosen statistics. A lie must always be made to seem more probable than the truth. These pictures must make up in superficial conviction what they lack in real conviction. It also largely explains their incompetence. If an artist is to deceive, he cannot afford to search; all searching discoveries by which an artist can develop his vision seem at first improbable, implausible. And anyway, behind the public smile, is the jaw; and the jaw, if properly realised, will imply the possibility of other grimmer expressions. Titian could give his sitters dignity *and* be profound because at that time a much greater proportion of daily experience confirmed that dignity; in the same way Chardin could celebrate the domestic virtues because then the domestic virtues were really believed in and not just paid lip service to.

One could put this another way. There are a certain number of pictures in the Academy which aim at something less dishonest; a few still-lifes, a few franker portraits, some street scenes. Some of these are almost as superficial as the rest. But—and this is the point—one could say to the artists who painted them that, if they looked more searchingly, selected with more discrimination, drew better, asked themselves more thoroughly and exactly what they thought was important about their subjects, they would produce worthwhile works the essential character of which would still be the same. One could not tell the others this. If their works were better, they would be more truthful and so would defeat their purpose and change their character. They serve their function perfectly as they are.

The difference between the Old (Royal) Academy and the New Academy of Formalism is that the Old Academy avoids facing up to what is happening in the world by naively imposing outdated conventions upon it; whilst the New, more sophisticated, Academy contracts out more subtly by claiming to create a world beyond the actual one: a world of subjective projections and abstractions. They are both academic in the fully derogatory sense of the word because both, cut off from any direct continuous exploration of reality, inevitably degenerate into tricks and formulae to deceive their public. On one hand, highlights on curls, conveniently smudged features, or (as in Munnings) identical brush strokes on every horse's haunches; and on the other hand, pseudo-cubist triangles, "interesting" textures, "Primitive" distortions, and so on. The fight between the Academies is meaningless. They are complementary. The serious artists of our time will somehow struggle through between them. A few artists who are attempting to do this are now exhibiting at Burlington House. Among them are Ruskin Spear with an excellent kitchen portrait of a man in a brown suit and some lively satirical works—which might, however, have been better executed in a graphic medium, Stanley Spencer with a painting of a family re-union called *Hilda Welcomed*, Carel Weight, John Armstrong, James Fitton, Edward le Bas and Lowry; among the younger artists, Richard MacDonald with a picture of a wet windy road, Alistair Grant with a beach scene of some children, Anne Rooke with a very tender landscape drawing, Derek Stafford, Elizabeth J. Lloyd, John Sewell and Alfred Daniels.

JOHN BERGER

Magnificent Operator

CHOU-EN-LAI is a figure that belongs peculiarly to this age of turmoil and anxiety—bizarre, brilliant and immensely resourceful. Are war and revolution topics for discussion with the West? Chou can discourse on both with knowledge unmatched by either his opponents or his allies. Along with Molotov, he is a maker of history, in the sense that his name is likely to be remembered fifty years hence. What is more, he is filled with faith in the destiny of Chinese Communism, and in his own part in it. He pays tribute to the Bolshevik revolution, but he believes that his own was the greatest ever. "Remember," he says, "that *our* revolutionary struggle lasted for more than twenty years, and that in all this time we've had no outside aid—not even from the Soviet Union." This intense pride is an essential part of Chou's make-up, as it is of his associates.

A war-time incident shows the dynamism of the man. After a long noon-to-dusk interview with the present writer, in Yenan, seven years ago, Chou announced that there was a dance, that evening, at the Yang Family Hill village. Would I care to come along? We got into a truck and drove into the darkness over a dry river bed—only the two bodyguards, garlanded with ammunition and hand grenades, serving as a reminder that the Nationalist troops were barely 30 miles away. The dance over, we drove back to Chou's mud-brick house to resume an interview that did not end until well into the next morning. Yenan was destined, four weeks later, to fall into the Nationalists' hands, and Chou and the other Communist leaders fled north on horseback. Yet, even then, Chou had complete confidence in the imminence of victory. With characteristic passion, in that long interview, he attacked American aid to Chiang Kai-shek, Nationalist "treachery," General Marshall's mission, and the venture hopefully labelled M.A.G.I.C. (U.S. Military Advisory Group in China). But there was no trace of discouragement in what he had to say.

"Nothing in the world—not even American aid—can arrest the gangrene eating into the Chiang Kai-shek regime," he said. "M.A.G.I.C. can observe and correct the defects of Chiang's troops; it can see what equipment they need. But it cannot assure Chiang's victory, for Chiang must still depend on his officers and men, and their morale is low, the battle area is vast and there aren't enough troops to cover it, and it's now difficult to conscript more able-bodied men into the army." Like Mao Tse-tung, Chou had considered all the possibilities for intervention open to the United States, and discounted all of them. "You must remember Chairman Mao's speech after the V-J Day, in which he said, 'We don't have to fear the A-bomb. . . . We are too backward to be defeated by it!'" As for the Reds themselves, Chou insisted their roots were deep in the soil of popular need and mood. "What we have is peasant war on a mobile basis. . . . We have combined dialectic materialism with the peasant approach. Our men are not even proletarians. Think of what this means in Asia!"

Chou's current speeches show that his basic view of the world has not changed much since that 1947 interview in Yenan. Under the slogan of "war on Communism," he then said, the United States was seeking to dominate the world, and control not only such countries as Japan, Korea and the Philippines, but also its capitalist allies such as Britain and France, along with their colonies. "Such a policy can only lead to political bankruptcy, or be changed under the pressure of the American people. It must also inevitably arouse opposition in the capitalist nations. . . . The result must be American isolation." As for domestic U.S. policy, Chou argued, "The programme of military expansionism can't bring about normal economic prosperity. It can only lead to a shrinking of normal markets, and hasten an economic crisis."

All these views are even more pertinent now than they were at the time. The Chinese insist today that they are too strong—or too primitive—to fear atom warfare. The Viet Minh, they argue, cannot be crushed—for precisely the same reasons for which they themselves survived all their trials. The programme for China which Chou expounded, seven years ago, in Yenan, has now become the blueprint for solution in Indo-China—land reform, the end of all "imperialist" influence, and perhaps a Coalition Government. And the weaknesses Chou thought he saw in the American position in 1947 are the same as those which he and Molotov are seeking to exploit now, in an effort to drive a wedge between Washington and its European allies.

So much for the prophetic insights. No less significant are the flaws. Chou, seven years ago, was spectacularly misinformed about the United States. He was quick to generalise on the basis of dubious items he picked up in the "mosquito" sheets in Shanghai and Nanking. At other times, his data on distress and low morale in America seemed to have come out of monitored Tass broadcasts, and bore little resemblance to reality. Like Mao, Chou received daily radio reports on the New York stock market, and he studied them with the anxiety of a speculator trying to anticipate the trend. From 1946 onwards, the Communist leaders momentarily expected a major American depression that would begin with a Wall Street debacle. Such a crisis, they thought, would arouse the "progressive" segments of American society to political action. That, in Chou's mind, meant a sharp turn to the Left in the U.S. foreign policy. When I argued that no depression was likely as long as there was an unsatisfied post-war hunger for goods, or that a depression was more likely to produce a turn to the Right than to the Left, Chou merely told me that I was wrong.

Both his elements of strength and his weaknesses make Chou a dangerous opponent in conferences with the West. He cannot be intimidated, not only because he sees China as a World Power, but also because he is convinced the capitalist West is doomed. If he is ready to make compromises, it will be only because Peking and Moscow want time: he will always expect big concessions in return. As a negotiator, Chou is as tenacious as Molotov and far more supple and quick-witted. Also, unlike the heavy-handed Russians, Chou needs no caviar and vodka to win the ear of the free press. He is witty enough to have charmed even some of the "hundred colonels" who manned General Marshall's mission in China, and there is probably no Foreign Minister who looks better on the dance floor.

What makes Chou such a rare diplomatic specimen is that he is a product of 35 years of blood, conspiracy, revolution and war. Now 56 years old, he was first caught in the revolutionary tide in 1919, while still a student in Tientsin. The fling cost him a year in prison, and once he was freed, his wealthy Mandarin family shipped him off to France, away from mischief. But instead of studying, Chou helped to form the Chinese Socialist Youth League, which soon became the European wing of the newly-born Chinese Communist Party. In 1924, the Party ordered Chou back home; and when the great Northern Expedition was launched two years later, he was named Chiang Kai-shek's political commissar. When Chiang broke with his Communist allies, Chou barely escaped with his life; and in the next seven years, he led a life out of an Eric Ambler thriller. He tried to start an uprising in an up-river port. It failed bloodily. Chou again escaped, and slipped out to Moscow to attend a party congress. In 1929, he was back in Shanghai as co-ordinator of all Red military groups in China. He stayed in the underground for a year, until Chiang's agents began to close in. Masquerading as a prosperous merchant, he fled again, this time to the newly-created Soviet in Central China.

It is this period that Chou does not like to discuss. Up to about 1930, Chou and Li Li-san were the Moscow-anointed party leaders in China, while Mao, held in disfavour, was building up his peasant army. Though only 2,000 of the party's 120,000 members were urban workers, Moscow—through Chou and Li—insisted on an

orthodox urban revolution. When this policy failed disastrously. Moscow accused Li of "adventurism" and dismissed him. By a display of political elasticity, Chou survived, and joined Mao. Later, he would speak with contempt of Li's "urban adventurism," and with admiration of Mao's rescue of the party by taking it to the villages. By 1934, Chou was political commissar of the main Red column on the "Long March," and by 1936, after a stormy Central Committee meeting, it was he who was delegated to save the life of Chiang Kai-shek, kidnapped by his own subordinates. When the war with Japan broke out in 1937, Chou became "ambassador" to Chiang. There was a five-month interlude in 1939-40, when Chou fell off a horse and broke his arm. Chiang supplied a plane to take Chou to Russia for treatment. And once Japan was defeated, Chou joined General Marshall on the three-man "cease-fire" Mission. He was named Premier and Foreign Minister in 1949, and has since visited Moscow three times.

Recognised or not, Chou's China is now a Great Power, and it is represented in diplomacy by a man who can speak with authority and make commitments. Mr. Dulles can commit no greater error, at Geneva or elsewhere, than to underestimate Chou's effectiveness, or to regard him as Moscow's satellite. In Chou he faces a magnificent operator, playing from strength.

MARK GAYN

The Arts and Entertainment

A WINTER COMEDY

MR. CHRISTOPHER FRY'S new play *The Dark is Light Enough* (at the Aldwych), is so interesting, so brilliant in parts and so beautifully written as a whole, that I find myself very reluctant to admit that it does not completely clinch in performance. This is the first of his plays which seems to me to read better than it acts. In the theatre I felt like a partisan at a football match, watching the exciting assortment of gifts deploy themselves in an excellent first act. Obviously this was a winning combination—an arresting plot, a dazzling part for a dazzling actress and a use of language which instead of, as sometimes in the past, seeming to be indulging in cleverness of footwork for its own sake, was driving in its own devious and cunning way towards the objective. Yet in the second two acts I found myself agonising at chances being missed in spite of all these gifts, and in the end was left trying to explain why the game had not been won right out.

Of course a character out of Fry might rise up at this point to protest that to see the thing in terms of winning or losing is itself the vulgarest of errors. These are certainly not Mr. Fry's terms. The Countess, who is the protagonist of this play, has quite another way of judging—or rather the whole superb point of her is that she does not judge. She neither condemns nor appraises; these are the petty occupations of her entourage who quarrel and squabble wittily enough over matters of taste or conduct, and are united only in their feelings of wonder and admiration for the extraordinary quality of her, which proceeds to demonstrate itself in an extreme situation. The date is 1848 and we are in Austro-Hungary at the moment when the Hungarian part of the Empire is fighting for its independence. Passions run dangerously high. But out of her extreme charity—yet quite without priggishness, with an ironically detached charm that it is a triumph for her creator to have caught—the Countess, at great inconvenience and even risk, shelters a deserter whom she has good reason not to be indulgent to, and refuses to give him up when the Colonel of a Hungarian regiment in the neighbourhood invests her house and demands his surrender.

This firm and well-drawn outline has carried us to the end of an admirable first act. The atmosphere of the house with its civilised salon has been created, the characters established, though thinly as yet, the Countess herself has seized our imaginations as a person, and there have been several admirable scenes. We have been persuaded into a belief in the situation, and just because it is so firm and solid it has roused expectations which reasonably demand to be satisfied. There are several loose threads and our expectation is that they will be gathered up as the action intensifies. But it is just this sort of satisfaction that Mr. Fry denies us. We have been misled or have got off somehow on the wrong foot. The action does develop. Lots of things happen but somehow—I find it hard to put my finger on exactly how—the virtue has gone out of them. We don't any longer care much that what happens does happen; we seem to have left the plane of action, although events still occur. The deserter, Richard Gettner, is the first husband of the Countess's daughter (their marriage was annulled) and he for a moment tries to regain her. Her second husband had been captured by a Hungarian patrol and offered in exchange for Gettner—an offer which the Countess brings herself to refuse: "No man is mine to give you." He turns up again wounded, having fought with his enemies against his friends. The Countess's son forces a duel on the deserter and gets himself shot.

All this and more happens in the second act and yet it doesn't make the same kind of sense as the first-act sense. Mr. Fry has moved on to another level and leaves us fumbling behind with our rather obvious questions hanging loose. Who, for instance, exactly is Gettner? Why did he join the Hungarians and why then did he desert them? Why did the Countess let her daughter marry him? There are answers to these and other questions to be found in the text but they are not answers which satisfy us, at least on the level of our asking. There is, I am convinced, another level of asking on which Mr. Fry does answer. One feels that overwhelmingly in the texture. But I am equally convinced that Mr. Fry has not succeeded in showing us the way to that level, and making it real for us. So that a curious thing happens. Our line of understanding no longer converges with the play; it doesn't even run parallel; the two grow farther and farther apart. We listen to and enjoy the admirably spoken poetry, but we are no longer wholly engaged. Yet all the same we cannot miss the feeling that what we are being left out of is important and interesting and exciting. We dimly feel that in the relationship between the Countess and Richard Gettner (which occupies most of the third act) there is a profound and subtle commentary on our customary rough and crude evaluation of standards and of behaviour. We are being shown conduct in another and a truer and finer light.

The sense of a finer-sighted vision operating with a tender and poetic irony is what sustains us through the play. We may have got off on the wrong foot through our own or Mr. Fry's fault, but we would have to be wilfully blind not to recognise a uniquely humane power working in this play. It is perhaps rash to criticise the acting in a play that I have so plainly so little understood, but I wish Mr. Hugh Griffiths could persuade himself to pay more regard to the audience; some of the wittiest lines are lost through his delivery. Miss Margaret Johnston very successfully suppressed the mannerism which was growing on her and put over her difficult part with great sympathy. Mr. James Donald on the other hand, in the vital part of Richard Gettner, diverged, I thought, too far from his natural idiom; that would surely have been more appropriate to the part and would have brought out the irony which seems there in the text. Yet finally it all depends on Dame Edith Evans and the spell-binding magic of voice and movement which she exerts. The part does not call out the more obvious and familiar of her spells. But it calls for all her resource and she gives it all. It would give a wrong impression to say that the play (exquisitely set by Oliver Messel) is worth a visit for her alone, for its rewards far outweigh its shortcomings. But with Dame Edith at its centre, catching every glint and gleam of the beautifully modulated verse, *The Dark is Light Enough* is an experience that no one will want to miss.

T. C. WORSLEY

MUSIC ON THE AIR

La Bonna figliuola by Nicola Piccinni, first produced at Rome in 1760, was perhaps the most successful *opera buffa* ever written; but of the composer we now know little except the legend of his rivalry, some twenty years later, with Gluck—and this was largely an artificial thing, fostered by journalists and the world of fashion. The popular histories of music which I read as a boy conveyed the impression that poor Piccinni was a nonentity, whose name appropriately rhymed with "ninny." So when the B.B.C. announced two performances of *The Good Girl* (she derives distantly, by way of Goldoni, from Richardson's *Pamela*), I settled down to three long acts rather from a sense of duty than in any keen expectation of pleasure.

In fact, *La Bonna figliuola* is still delightful. Our Mozart-conditioned ears are bound to find the finales rudimentary, the ensembles too few, the orchestral colour wanting in variety, the harmony and melody wanting in surprise. But Piccinni shows, at every lively turn of a lively plot, melodic fertility, resourcefulness and a vivid sense of the theatre. The heroine has some lovely arias, occasionally worthy of Mozart, notably one with a murmuring string accompaniment; and the music for the comic characters is always ingeniously appropriate—for instance, a duet for two servant girls peeping through a keyhole, or an aria for one of them, an incurable gossip vainly attempting to check her flow of indiscretions. All this spirited detail would have gone for little, especially unseen, but for the exceptional skill and care of the B.B.C. performances. Geoffrey Dunn, besides producing, supplied a very witty translation of which the singers ensured that we heard almost every word; Charles Mackerras conducted with all the vivacity which might have been expected from the orchestrator of *Pineapple Poll*; and the cast was perfectly chosen. Elsie Morison was a most melodious "good girl"; Dennis Noble was very funny as a boastful soldier with a deplorably thick German accent; and it is difficult to say whether Alexander Young or Hugues Cuénod was the more graceful of the two tenors. Best of all, for me, was the pert country gossip of Margaret Ritchie, who filled the briefest lines of recitative with her mischievous sense of fun.

On the following night the B.B.C. presented something which promised well but turned out, in my opinion, dismally. This was *My Brother Died*, "a melodrama for radio by J. Bronowski and P. Racine Fricker." The word "melodrama" was intended in its original sense, "a drama in which speech is frequently heightened by music and becomes melodic." In fact, there was little or no "speaking against music," which is the generally accepted meaning of the word; what happened was that ordinary dialogue (and it was ordinary indeed!) yielded, fairly frequently, to the singing voice. Author and composer had worked hard, with some success, to make the transitions seem natural; and some of the music was effective and even beautiful in a rather dispiriting way. What defeated the whole enterprise was the unsuitability of treatment to subject—for the subject was "melodramatic" in the crudest modern sense. The milieu was a gangster world centred on bicycle racing, and both action and dialogue were such as we encounter in English imitations of the American gangster film. At the very end, after a series of hold-ups and

double-crossings in an all-night café, we reached the moral: that the Common Woman can be heroic too (the situation was roughly that of *Fidelio*). The only kind of music appropriate to such surroundings would have been something like Kurt Weill's astringent, satirical *Dreigroschenoper*; Fricker's musicianly interpolations merely slowed down the rate of action, which is fatal to roughneck drama. I am told that *My Brother Died* has been admired in some quarters, but I cannot regard it as anything but a waste of time for one of our cleverest young composers.

On Friday, the double Rossini bill aroused the old admiration for the composer's inexhaustible fancy and taste, high spirits and skill. No wonder he was the rage of Napoleonic Europe! What is strange is that we should have let such treasures gather dust on the shelf. The overtures to *La cambiale di matrimonio* and *La scala di seta* (the latter especially) are well known; and it is hardly too much to say that the rest of the scores reach a similar level. The Roman company, by then approaching the end of their tenancy of Sadler's Wells, were in better form than at their initial appearances; but it was still noticeable how frequently they were unsure of their entries—which is odd when we recall that they have made gramophone records of both works. Angelica Tuccari sang pleasingly as the heroine of *La scala di seta*, and Nestore Catalani, a well endowed baritone, was outstanding in two roles, especially in *La cambiale*, as that uncouth Canadian merchant with a heart of gold who goes by the delightful name of Slook.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

RUSSIAN FOLK DANCING

THE Moscow State Dance company *Beryozka*, now at the Stoll, consists of twenty-nine girls trained in national folk dancing by Nadezhda Nadezhdina, a former ballerina of the Bolshoi theatre. The music is nearly all arranged or composed by the leader of the four accordionists who form the accompaniment. Although the piano-accordion is not an instrument I relish, it makes a solid bank of sound for the big ensembles which form the greater part of this programme.

In the opening dance, based on a folk song "The Little Birch Tree," two girls appear in red dresses with sweeping skirts; in their hands they carry a green birch branch. Then comes another pair, and another, till the stage is filled with the red figures interweaving with a smooth little running step which, as their feet are hidden, makes it appear that they travel on ball bearings, so perfectly even is the movement. The girls wave their birch branches with a gentle simplicity, but such precision as would compare with the best Tiller chorus. The delight of it is that there is nothing forced or mechanical in this precision: indeed there is both grace and style to every gesture. Madame Nadezhdina has designed the most intricate patterns that form and re-form with the fascination of a kaleidoscope, patterns that wheel and interlock, perfectly centred on the stage, and as accurate as a geometrical drawing. This is the style of dance in which the company is matchless. Another number that is quite outstanding for its choreography and the beauty of its performance is "The Merry-Go-Round." Here the girls hold long coloured ribbons, on which the patterns pivot with marvellous variety. The pity is that the costumes for this and all the less traditional dances are crude in the extreme. They appear to be ill cut, as though made by the cheapest chain store. Shimmy satin blouses are of the most garish colours: primary red, sickly mauve, canary yellow, royal blue and green all blazing together; or dirndl-type skirts with great poppy dados. In the patriotic "Dance of Soviet Youth" the girls sail on in silk tennis dresses of the Thirties, each clutching a bunch of red roses. This number, sung and marched as well as danced, is very much what might be expected of a parade of Soviet patriotism, even down to the soppy-ecstatic expression on the dancers' faces. But the arrangement of the programme is tactful, and there is only one outburst. The humour, typified in "The Lady-Killer" is of the simplest and coyest nature—one big, strutting man among a lot of bashfully adoring village maidens. It would probably be better done, or not done at all, if the company was balanced by male dancers. These would have given a variety and power that are somewhat lacking. But the numbers are all short which is an unusual thing in theatrical folk dancing, whose original character is to go on and on in a kind of endurance test; this is often transposed in some degree to stage productions.

With this show, even if one does not appreciate the "Dance of Soviet Youth" in its conscious propaganda, the unconscious expression of Soviet youth as seen in the dancers is irresistible: they have a happy, healthy charm of the most endearing kind, besides which they are far and away the best trained chorus seen here—probably since Diaghliev's time.

ANNABEL FARJEON

LOOK AND LISTEN

"NATION shall speak peace unto nation." There it is, the improbable sentence trailing its clouds of League-of-Nations idealism, on the coat of arms of the B.B.C. printed on the third page of *Radio Times*. But like so many other things that were thought might bridge national differences—sport, for example—broadcasting hasn't worked out like that. Nations, when broadcasting to other nations, speak not peace but at the best propaganda; and ideologies and "ways of life" being what they are, the effect of radio within individual countries has, on the whole, probably been to intensify national isolation and increase chauvinism. The most that can be expected of any broadcasting system in a liberal democracy is that it shall show the lives and opinions of other countries as honestly as possible.

I think when this criterion is applied to the B.B.C. it comes out pretty well. For how appalling the task is! What, after all, is an adequate representation of a people or nation at any given moment of its history? How can it be achieved? The truth is seldom simple, and generally in any given situation there is not one truth but many, existing in a state of violent contradiction one of another. The B.B.C.'s coverage of the United States, for example, is on the whole excellent: in the last few months it has probably been the greatest single factor in bringing home the phenomenon of McCarthyism to people in this country. Yet to bring even McCarthyism into something like perspective needed such a talk as we had in the Home Service the other evening from Mr. Patrick Malin, of the American Civil Liberties Union, on *Free Speech and American Liberty*. Mr. Malin, not a man to minimise the dangers of McCarthyism, was able to list a quite impressive development in civil liberties in the United States during recent years.

His talk, in fact, made it very clear that the task of rendering and conveying the foreign scene is of a twofold nature. Again, McCarthyism is a convenient example. We react to it as we do, not out of abstract zeal for American civil rights, but because it represents a potential danger to us. It is, therefore, very much our business as day-to-day life in the States, which we also want to know about, is not. We have, then, on the one hand, the Big Issue—big because we are involved whether we like it or not—and on the other what may be called background, the kind of knowledge about a people without which an understanding of the Big Issue is impossible.

In the last week or so we have had two programmes, one on a Big Issue, the other on background, both of which seemed to me entirely successful within their necessary limitations. The first was *Points of View on Indo-China*, a discussion in the Home Service between Mr. Brian Crozier and Mr. Andrew Shonfield in London and M. Pierre Frédérix and M. J. J. Servan-Schreiber in Paris. Its great merit lay in its frankness: I doubt very much whether any English journalist speaking on the subject on the B.B.C. would have ventured, even had he been allowed, to criticise the French for their conduct of affairs in Indo-China anything like so uncompromisingly as M. Servan-Schreiber did.

Here the programme did much better than the comparable one on television a fortnight or so ago, *Indo-China*, a discussion with Sir Frederick Whyte as chairman between an Englishman and an American. This, despite the background of film, remained curiously abstract. The American put what was then the American view of Indo-China as part of the war against Communism; the Englishman, Mr. Derrick Sington, was, it seemed to me, diffidently critical of the American attitude. But what was precisely lacking was—M. Servan-Schreiber or a similar French spokesman for his point of view. The fact is that in the expression of a foreign scene there is no substitute for the foreigner himself.

This emerged in what I have called the background programme, *Islam*, the first of Mr. Christopher Mayhew's new TV series, *Men Seeking God*. We saw and heard Mr. Mayhew in Lahore questioning Mr. Muhammad Ali, a Pakistani business man who is also a Moslem prayer leader, about his faith. How far Mr.

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Muhammad Ali can be considered either a representative Pakistani citizen or a representative Moslem I have no means of knowing, but there he was talking of Islam as the great necessity of the world, of Islam as the guide to social action, with complete certainty; with the complete certainty, indeed, that you would get, shall we say, in a Northern business man or trade-union leader, who was also a Methodist local preacher, on the need of a return to Christianity. That one wanted to ask the same questions of Mr. Muhammad Ali as one would of the Methodist local preacher is really beside the point. The point is that something about Pakistan and the world of Islam generally was made actual by the presence of Mr. Muhammad Ali on the TV screen. He represented a first step to our understanding of his world; just as I would contend that for a foreign audience my Northern business man or trade-union leader Methodist would represent an essential step to an understanding of us. And no English interpreter of the Moslem East, however sympathetic, could have supplied what Mr. Muhammad Ali was able to offer us.

If national characteristics are real, only those who possess them can convey them. One hopes that the TV programmes from Europe, which begin in June, may do so. The danger, if one goes by the preliminary announcements, is that they may turn out to be projections of national set-pieces, substitutes for tourism. If that is so, if we are regaled with picture-postcard places, if a chair before the B.B.C. screen merely takes the place of a seat on B.E.A., an opportunity will have been lost.

WILLIAM SALTER

THE MOVIES

"Prince Valiant," at the Carlton
"His Majesty O'Keefe," at the Warner
"The French Line" at the Odeon, Leicester Square

This has not been a connoisseur's week. Regretfully, I can report no worthwhile trips through the slush to Hampstead or the Surrey side, no inward glow kindled by a vintage von Stroheim or a Carné peeping over the brim. To compensate, Technicolor, lashings of it, has been spilling itself riotously over the CinemaScope in all its fifty-seven ketchup varieties. Art has gone overboard and in its place we've been presented with three animated travel posters. Come to Fiji, come to Camelot, shriek the headlines. Take a *de luxe* six-shilling trip to Paris with Jane Russell. It's been an over-the-hills-and-round-the-bend week. And frankly, I've enjoyed every moment of it.

Prince Valiant, a Yankee's sojourn at the court of King Arthur, has appalled the critics but it would have delighted Mark Twain—a more impressive judge in this as in other matters. The director is Henry Hathaway, and the moral *plus ça change*. . . . King Arthur (Brian Aherne) is a shrewd Middle West Democrat who ran for Governor of the Severn Valley successfully last election; Sir Lancelot—you can tell him by the cross over his chair—is the one G.I. Norman Mailer never met (except he has a page cut); the Round Table is a figment of Mr. James Burnham's managerial imagination. There are jousts, quintains, tourneys, Vikings, a lot of hard riding and some smooth gravelly close-ups of what I took to be the approaches to Warwick Castle. Nor is style wanting. Mr. James Mason, the evil Sir Brack, is there to provide suave villainy, a thin caterpillar moustache and some chic black armour. The script is derived from a popular strip cartoonist and has nothing to do with Malory.

His Majesty O'Keefe (Warner) is on quite a different level. The time is 1870, place the Pacific (long. 17°, lat. 179°), and we are scouring the islands for copra. Captain O'Keefe (Burt Lancaster) is a good-looking tough with a heart of teak. We first catch sight of him as he is being dumped into the longboat by his ungrateful crew, having just failed to quell a mutiny. O'Keefe wants to clamp down on the Fijians' *dolce far niente* and send them up the coconut trees gathering nuts. His rival "Bully" Haines, a wencher, a toper, a press-ganger of slaves, wants to kennel the natives in his picaroon. Since the Pacific, like all other theatres of war, is under the Hays Code, the higher morality wins out. The strange thing is that the film succeeds too. *His Majesty O'Keefe* is a real triumph of Technicolor, and I can warmly recommend it to anyone between fourteen and ninety-four capable of using his eyes and his imagination. We're often told of the hideous things Hollywood does to the creative imagination and the traces are too often all round us. But as far as this film goes, the director (Byron Haskin) and everyone else concerned are to be congratulated. I don't know if Mr. Haskin has read Conrad's *Heart of Darkness* or Mr. Tom Harrisson's account of exploitation in the Solomons, *Savage Civilisation*, but he certainly knows how it all happened. The film has some superb photography and a number of good performances—particularly from André Morell as an unsuccessful German trader (too much *Weltanschauung*, too little savvy) and from Joan Rice as the exotic Mrs. O'Keefe. But the best acting comes from the Fijians.

And so to Miss Russell—"Chesty" to her friends—still justifying her title of the world's knockabout sweetheart. This time she's a rootin'-tootin' Texan millionairess (steers *and* oil) and, as usual, she's sore about something. Her beau has deserted her because, as he tells her, he's uncertain who'll be wearing the jeans. Miss Russell parries the blow by leaving Paris, Texas, and taking a trip to Paris, France. There ensue bevies of mannequins, buckets of Black Velvet, some rather thin song-and-dance routines and a monsieur from Montmartre (Gilbert Roland) who's the last word in predatory maledom. He shoots the French Line at Miss Russell, who falls for it hook, line and sinker. Corn in a glossy cob.

GILES BLAGRAVE

Correspondence

LABOUR AND THE H-BOMB

SIR,—The situation that arose on Thursday last week in the House of Commons when sixty-three Labour Members voted, against the advice of the Party leadership, for an "unofficial" new clause to the Atomic Energy Authority Bill to make the manufacture of the hydrogen bomb by Britain conditional upon parliamentary approval is surely of more than ordinary interest. The new clause had the most respectable origins; it was devised by members of the Working Party which had supplied all the other amendments to the Bill—in itself an important but not particularly controversial measure to provide for the future industrial development of nuclear energy. With perhaps one exception, the sponsors of the clause could not be easily classified as belonging to any special group or outlook in the Parliamentary Party; the "steady centre" maybe, but certainly no further. But the Parliamentary Committee frowned on the new clause, the Whips were active in advising Members to abstain, and Denis Healey, until then a stranger to our debates on the Bill, came in to launch all the fury of his eloquence against it. Why?

After all, it seems reasonable, if before Easter the House of Commons unanimously decides that the hydrogen bomb constitutes a "threat to civilisation" and calls for talks between the Powers, that after Easter the same House of Commons should accept the right to know if our own country is to make the bomb. For it to be argued, as it was argued in the debate, that it is unconstitutional to limit the freedom of the Executive to determine the weapons it will employ is to assume that the hydrogen bomb is just another weapon, only a bit more dangerous—a nonsensical view as the Commons' resolution of April 29 implied, by its use of the phrase I have quoted. The whole incident illustrates, in my view, one of the conspicuous weaknesses at the present time in the method of deciding policy in the Parliamentary Labour Party. Bold, courageous decisions are taken one day and then all too often cancelled out by a routine attitude of mind the next. Of course the Parliamentary Committee was perfectly within its formal rights in advising Members not to vote for an unofficial new clause. But it was also perhaps unfortunate that circumstances had made the appeal to a division almost inevitable, for I feel certain that had time allowed the issue to be thoroughly thrashed out by the full Party meeting, then open diplomacy in relation to the hydrogen bomb would have found far more supporters than the sixty-three who voted last Thursday.

A. M. F. PALMER.

House of Commons.

KOREAN SETTLEMENT

SIR,—In your Comments you suggest that the partition of Korea might be the best and wisest course for the present. In the April number of *Eastern Affairs* a prominent Korean in Washington (Yongjeung Kim) writes that: "The *status quo* can be maintained only at the risk of a renewed holocaust," for the temptation of the Korean people to reunite their country "will become irresistible." He puts forward certain proposals for a settlement in Korea which seem both sensible and feasible. Briefly stated, they are: 1. Establishment of a neutral Commission to act as an interim national authority throughout the peninsula until a government of a united Korea is realised. 2. Control of all armed forces, foreign and domestic, by this neutral Commission. 3. Dissolution of the two existing regimes and nullification of all treaties and agreements entered into by them with foreign Powers. 4. Creation of a Korean advisory committee composed of two influential citizens, who did not serve under the present regimes or under Japanese rule, from each of the thirteen provinces to assist the neutral Commission. 5. Demobilisation of the Korean armies. 6. Establishment, through free, popular elections, under the supervision of the neutral Commission, of local governments to assume local civic and police administration. 7. Withdrawal of all foreign forces under the supervision of the neutral Commission. 8. Establishment of a national government through a general election supervised by the neutral Commission. 9. Neutralisation of an independent Korea through an international guarantee. He gives ample and sound reasons for these proposals, and there appears to be no good reason why they should not be acceptable to both the Western and Eastern Powers.

5, Smith Terrace, S.W.3. H. R. PELLY

"THE ARTIST AS A GREAT MAN"

SIR,—People who live in glass houses are advised not to throw stones. In accusing the author of *Triumph and Tragedy*, of being "selective" in his presentation of facts, Mr. Crossman has himself held up a distorting mirror to history (and, if in one respect, why not in others?). To Mr. Crossman, Elas represents a "popular rising." I wonder whether he would have said the same thing had he been there at the time, as I was. I think not; and I allow for the fact that the man on the spot is too close to events to be able fully to assess them. In 1944 the Germans "pulled out" of Greece, their exit being hastened by the entry of a small British force with the rather doubtful assistance of Elas partisans who were saving their arms for other purposes. The stage was set; enter Elas. Enter, too, the 4th British Division straight from the Italian front (available, being *en route* for a rest in Palestine).

We, who were members of that Division, and the other troops concerned, knew nothing of Greek politics, and the country could have a parliament of the most brilliant vermilion or deepest ultra-marine as far as we were concerned. I do not deny that there may have been misrule in the past, but we judged things as we found them—that a minority rule was being forced on a people who had suffered years of starvation, whose currency was devalued out of recognition, and who needed not politics but bread. We brought bread and were met with bullets. We, who were there, can testify to the atrocities committed by this "popular rising." We were able to learn something of the "Greek in the street," were welcomed and made to feel, in a hundred ways, that they were grateful. "Popular rising"?—I think not

Free the Printed Word

—Lord Justice Birkett

Lord Justice Birkett said last night that it is a great pity that newsprint is rationed. He told a London dinner of the Newspaper Society:

"Newspapers must be free to say, free to comment, and free to speak according to the law of the land, and they must be given access to the news.

"There must not be closed doors, because publicity is the greatest aid to truth and to understanding of public affairs with which we are all concerned...

"It seems to me a very great pity —and I am not attaching blame to any person or Government— that the commodity upon which the printed word rests, newsprint, should still be rationed.

"I believe it to be five times its pre-war price too. No doubt political matters enter into it, and a decision has had to be made with regard to imports, but it seems to me a pity that this is so, when you reflect on the immense power of the written word.

"It is scarcely necessary to say that, whatever may come in the way of TV or radio, or any other possible invention, there is something to be gained by reading that cannot be gained anywhere else.

"The insight is sharpened, perception is widened, taste is deepened and, by reading, the mind is enlarged and all the faculties are raised to their highest possible quality.

"In the world in which we live, there is so much in the way of interest, frustration, and even danger that it is a very good thing indeed to read the daily newspaper, the weeklies, and the magazines and books so that one may be able to appreciate... the contribution which great writers and great men have to make to the general well-being."

Reprinted from the
DAILY EXPRESS
April 28, 1954

I do not know what Mr. Crossman means by "British defeat averted." We had no difficulty in driving what was, after all, a rebel band, out of Athens—with little bloodshed on either side I am thankful to say. After that, resistance seemed to "fold up." It was then our privilege to help rehabilitate a gaunt and peace-hungry land. I am glad to think we helped them and count it as an honour.

PETER J. BELL

Little Dudswell, Northchurch,
Berkhamsted.

UNIVERSITY CYNICISM

SIR,—Surely there has been no generation of university undergraduates so politically apathetic as mine since the beginning of the century. Of course I can speak only about my own friends and acquaintances as I talk with them in the everyday life of the University, but I believe that they are a fairly representative cross-section of the present undergraduate population. As we sit drinking after-Hall coffee in college garrets with blackened beams that have heard many generations of undergraduate conversation, what do we talk about? Religion, certainly, has its place, discussed in a tentative self-conscious way by young men who do not feel quite sure of themselves. Art, too, in its many forms, is frequently the topic of conversation, but the current programme at the cinema tends to become the dominant theme and reflects the modern reliance on films, as a form of escapism. "Shop" and girls are staples of conversation. But if, by chance, the talk drifts round to politics, there are few thoughtful or constructive comments offered.

By "politics" I mean party politics, the clash of one set of clearly articulated political principles with other combinations of equally clear principles. The average university man is not uninterested in contemporary events as such. He is kept reasonably well informed by wireless and newspaper, and takes the same sort of passing interest in current crises as he does in the latest Test Match scores. What he lacks is a point of view on political affairs as a whole, a consistent attitude towards them which can resolve them into a meaningful pattern demanding from him praise or denunciation, commitment and action. Instead, our average young man takes each event as it occurs and regards it with the same air of hopeless detachment. He can have no control over the events, so he consoles himself with arm-chair cynicism—an attitude eminently of apathy and hopelessness. The political clubs have a considerable membership between them, but their appearance of political life is only superficial, masking a deficiency in the basic principles of action which we are considering. The standard of discussion is low and the mountains travail to produce some poor specimens of mice: Labour stalwarts discuss Comprehensive schools in theoretical isolation from principles or practice; the Liberals produce their singularly unconvincing formula of free trade, co-partnership, and European Union; I am not aware of the Conservative Association having produced anything.

This political ennui of my generation is an infectious complaint: we have caught it from our elders. The fact that the Labour Party in the past has been an opportunist rather than a dogmatic Party, and that, when its opportunity came at last in 1945, it seized upon it and exhausted itself in the process, should not necessarily have left its leaders completely devoid of political inspiration in 1954; but that appears to have been the case. Gone is the "visionary gleam," the insight into the needs of the moment and the ability to offer a solution to them in a coherent policy. Now, it is not of the nature of younger generations, at least in this country, to clamour for Leaders with a capital "L." But what we expect is a sense of leadership in an appeal to first principles, in a direction to the root-causes of modern problems, and in an application of the principles to the modern situation. The leaders of the Labour Party have failed to give us this guidance.

The danger is that, having failed to discover it where we expected to find it, we fall back on to other inadequate political faiths. For it *is* a question of faith, of conviction and self-dedication. Most of us have wit enough to see that the world is not as it should be or even as it could be, and if the philosophy of the Labour Movement is unable to suggest means of remedying it, we must supplement it from other sources or have recourse to other creeds. The obvious alternative to this political aimlessness—if we are not to accept the stagnatory philosophy of Conservatism—is, however unpleasant, Communism. But so long as this policy is associated with the party-line straitjacket *à la Daily Worker* it is unnecessary to criticise the philosophical short-comings of Communism, for to the average young man, when this is not funny, it is nauseating in the extreme.

Where else can we turn? Seeking prophetic judgment, a rallying cry to first principles, a constructive solution to the questions which baffle us, we are at a loss where to find them. There are some who say that all these qualities can be culled from Christianity; but if we admit that they are correct, and I think we must, we must also point out that the Churches have frequently interpreted these same qualities in a manner which is over-individualistic and reactionary, and as such unacceptable to our generation. Yet, if we would construct a creative political policy it must be upon the basis of a Communist or a Christian sociology. I use the terms broadly—probably too broadly to please either the fanatical Communist or the dogmatic Christian—denoting the twin poles of political philosophy, with their respective emphases on Society and the Individual. The fact that my generation is unable to commit itself to either because it finds, in the current expression of each, elements repugnant to its reason, means that it is left to drift in the slough of indecision which exists between the two poles of these philosophies. This is the paradox and the predicament of my generation.

R. A. BUCHANAN

St. Catharine's College,
Cambridge.

THE ARTIST AND SOCIETY

SIR,—Mr. Berger's missing paragraph does not convince me that I misunderstood him. I agree that "a direct and imaginative attitude to Nature depends upon exactly the right balance between intimacy and detachment." Indeed the balance must be maintained in relation to the whole social environment. I also agree with Mr. Bowden's development of this theme: that detachment and the Absolute can be achieved only by working through particular and intimate experiences. But it is surely obvious that these can be problems only for the individual artist. It is not society, urban, peasant, or anything else, which produces works of art. It merely produces the potential artist.

If he does not work out this personal attitude, but devotes his work to encouraging social and political change, he does not thereby align himself with the great anonymous artists of the past. He becomes a propagandist. He may well deserve respect for sacrificing his independence for a cause, but as an artist he becomes meaningless, since his work must be judged as a means to an end and not as an end in itself.

The importance of Impressionism and Cubism does not lie in the social conditions which obtained at the time, but in the fact that, unlike the so-called "Realist" movements, they were technical revolutions concerned with analyses of colour and light and form. As such, their discoveries are now as much a permanent part of an artist's equipment as the laws of perspective. It would be mystifying to know why Mr. Bland so assumes them to be moribund were it not that his use of the word "cult" leads one to suspect that their presence might escape his notice except in the form of pastiches of impressionist or cubist paintings. And the only way I can see in which an artist can now be deprived of their usage is by a society which lays down laws (for political reasons) on what it considers to be "virile" painting. May I assure Mr. Bland that many artists are daily aware that the "universal problems of painting still exist"; though I dare say our interpretation of them is less dashingly panoramic than his. There are also one or two "Masters in the European tradition" who exist also, in spite of the fact that they happen to be called Moderns.

KEITH VAUGHAN

9 Belsize Park, N.W.3.

SIR,—May I say that I greatly enjoy reading the regular art articles by Mr. John Berger? Often I do not agree with what he says; sometimes, even, I think it perverse and silly. However, Mr. Berger has a genuinely personal point of view which he can argue conscientiously but with spirit, and he is not swayed by the whims of fashionable taste. I have no hesitation in saying that I esteem Mr. Berger because he displays both sense and sensibility where modern painting and sculpture are concerned, because he sticks to his convictions and (on the whole) manages to maintain a sensible, balanced outlook. He writes clearly and does not attempt to take refuge in meaningless fancy phrases. All of this distinguishes him from any of his predecessors on your paper during the last 25 years and entitles him to be taken seriously. His analyses of the hollowness of the work of Mr. Moore and Miss Hepworth are excellent examples of well-reasoned art-criticism, with which only the blind or the prejudiced would wish to quarrel. The readers of your paper should be grateful to you, Sir, for employing so perspicacious a critic.

DOUGLAS COOPER

Chateau de Castille,
Argilliers, Gard.

LITERARY TRAVEL

SIR,—May I remind Michael Swan that I included novelists and poets among those from whom one could expect fine travel books? This eliminates all the writers he names except Burton, Gertrude Bell and Freya Stark. Of these Burton was a true adventurer and explorer of white spaces on the map; Gertrude Bell made herself a first-class mountaineer, field archaeologist and student of politics before she was a writer. My conclusion that the best works of travel are unlikely to come from those who arrive saying "I have come to write a book" is as disputable as any personal judgment, but Mr. Swan has said nothing to persuade me that the evidence is not strongly in my favour.

JACQUETTA HAWKES

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THAMES T&H HUDSON

Books in General

MR. MIDDLETON MURRY has had many intellectual misadventures, but in literary criticism and biography his insecurity has generally left him and he has been imaginative and well-grounded. His new *Life** of Jonathan Swift is truly admirable. It is absorbing to read, it is continuously pliant and sympathetic in approach, gentle in handling a fierce character and mature in judgment. Many biographers, faced with a subject which has been done dozens of times before from every point of view, go for the picturesque, invent original theories, take a dramatic or a partial line or merely put a kind of make-up on the received opinion. Mr. Murry's bias is towards experienced inquiry of the humane not the schematic kind. Swift's writing becomes part of the evidence, for Mr. Murry does not believe that a writer's work can be separate from his life, for the mere convenience of the biographer; and the persistence of his curiosity about the character of this tender, tragic, mysterious and dreadful man is always merciful and always fine. For mercy all Swift's life calls out, not because we have to set his virtues against his terrible behaviour to others, but because of the crimes a rational mind can commit against its own heart and, eventually, to the loss of reason itself.

If Mr. Middleton Murry accepts the known material of Swift's life, he has his own stresses. Swift's early life with Temple is gone over very carefully, and so is the verse written at that time. To Swift, whose father had died before he was born, Temple appeared as the desired father who failed, despite his benefactions, because it was not his part to respond with passion to one who was, after all, not his child, or to a demand which was equivocal, insatiable and which could never be formulated. The neurotic's wound is so satisfying that it must be kept raw. Mr. Murry thinks that Swift's early imitative poems contain something the critics have neglected: a naked account of emotional crisis. They mark the break with poetry, because poetry for Swift must be based on the admiration of moral beauty; and moral beauty was Temple, who had his own worries and certainly no fatherly obligation to his secretary:

> The distance in rank and age is too great to be spanned, and his sincerity has earned contempt rather than esteem. No doubt Swift exaggerated Temple's coldness towards him. But what counts is what he felt.

"The holiness of the heart's affections" had been felt by Swift at Moor Park, but now he had seen that these, and the poetry they inspired, were rejected. The satirist was formed: in "tempting him to complete sincerity" the Muse had led him to despair.

The second crisis, the unsuccessful suit of Varina, marks the next exemplary stage in the hardening of a heart, and offers the sight of character foreshadowing its own tragic design. Mr. Murry will have nothing to do with speculations about Swift's supposed impotence. The letters to Varina show the responsibility, the robustness of a man fully in love. The dangerous pride is there and the sweeping common sense, but Swift was willing to sacrifice everything and, chiefly, his ambitions and the desire to move in the great world. Perhaps that offer of sacrifice was chilling! The failure is decisive because everything was put sincerely on the throw. After that the heart would die or be killed easily by outraged pride and the brain of genius. It is Mr. Murry's contention that later on Swift did not marry Stella—except nominally towards the end—because of this early failure with Varina. The abnormality in Swift's life is not sexual but in a super-human will, and the ruthless edict that reason must henceforth, and almost contemptuously, rule out the natural passions. What was rejected once would never be offered again on the uncontrollable level of passionate human feeling: there would be only the capacity to hate. Elsewhere: affection, tenderness, playfulness. "The little language" of the *Journal to Stella* is not a code; it is a calculated "substitute for intimacy." The child, grown into a woman, is to be kept a child. But the rope by which Swift hanged himself had not been woven to its full length in the days of Varina; the result of the emotional disaster was the birth of the comic spirit in *The Tale of a Tub* and I must digress here, as Mr. Middleton Murry often does in his book, to one of those passages that show his fundamental understanding of literature. He is writing on the peculiar situation of comedy:

> For the comic spirit, any cosmos is an illusion to be shattered; but—this is the point—to be shattered gaily, not desperately, with an exuberance of high spirits, and almost with the suggestion that the same force of genius which destroys the existing cosmos might easily create another and better (as perhaps Shakespeare did). In a real sense this comic spirit is orgiastic. . . . It is the evidence of a metaphysical potentiality, a reminder that any order is precarious. . . . The excellence of the comic spirit is that it cannot be domesticated. To imagine that it can be manipulated to serve some particular moral order is to deceive oneself.

There was never, after *The Tale of a Tub*, the same release of comic orgy in Swift's work. A moral order is always elsewhere implicit. It lies behind all the satire, however violent. If we follow Mr. Murry's subtle and thorough investigation of Swift's politics, we shall read:

> although he demonstrated that the party alignment was irrational, he suspected that the party-division might be pre-rational and instinctive, and that Englishmen, like dogs, delighted to bark and bite at each other.

The injustices and extravagance of their cries "were part of the sport," part of the passion for "liberty," and it was hard (Mr. Murry says) for a detached mind at that time to see that the party system would mellow into "one of the most effective methods evolved in human history of combining liberty with order and embodying the dialectic of growth." Swift might laugh, but his view of things was too "naturally desperate" and extreme to imagine such a possibility. He fell back on the pessimism and nihilism which really motivates the truly Tory mind:

> The Constitution was a sort of miracle of Providence with which it was dangerous to tamper; the Church an institution (virtually Godless) for ingeminating morality. The problem was how to maintain morality enough to save society from anarchy. The merit of Christianity was that it gave a supernatural sanction to a system of morals which had otherwise the sanction of reason on which to depend, and reason was far too thinly distributed to maintain it.

This attitude has its emotional parallel in Swift's relations with Stella and Vanessa and can again be perceived in the account of the Yahoos and the Houyhnhnms. I do not think the story of the former struggle has ever been more mercifully and more justly told than in Mr. Murry's long account. The intrigue, the secrecy, the evasions and aversions were part of the same politics of desperation in love. Once Vanessa's love threatened Swift with rebirth and revolution by its reality, it endangered the whole constitutional scheme, and he felt obliged morally to stand by Stella whom he did not love—and to the length of half-marrying her. The wrong was hellish because it froze life hard. It was monstrously cruel to both women—the cruelty of a man who, perhaps *because* he had constructed his rational system for the subjugation of the natural passions, had, nevertheless and as Mr. Murry says, a fundamental tenderness and "a need of tenderness which were far greater than is usually believed." None crave it more than the cruel and self-mutilated. The system, like the Constitution, was the defence against both the anarchy and the fertility of human wishes.

The tragic design was carried to a still worse pitch for, as Mr. Murry shows, Swift punished not only both women for their love of him, but magnified the issue until it became a rage of disgust against the natural love of human beings, and a special savaging of the women because they had failed to be reasonable. They are degraded in the account of the Yahoos. Yet here again Mr. Murry can turn from life to literature and make the point that it is a mistake to regard the Yahoos only as evidence of Swift's deepening hatred of mankind: "They are there to make his parable profound. . . . They shatter the complacency which lurks beneath our habit of laughing at satire." Swift's complacency comes from a preposterous belief in his own liberty. Also, we had better not be taken in by the anti-human wisdom of the Houyhnhnms. They expose the heresy and disaster of Swift's system: a rational world without love. They posit a life—suitable for stock-breeders. The appalling denial, the remorse no one was allowed to see after the deaths of Stella and Vanessa, turns into the obsession with excrement, the growth of obscenity in Swift's writing, the decline of ordinary judgment about affairs and people, and the end of reason itself.

There is much more to Mr. Murry's elucidation of Swift's character than I have space to go into here, for the book is long and goes into detail that is never boring. Mr. Murry has brought the whole political scene to life; he inquires patiently into the well-known mysteries with good sense, and he never loses sight of the living man of genius, with his affections and his tempers, his comedies and his plots. He never argues away the stature which passion gives to Swift or forgets the seduction and terror of his personality. We are moved, as we ought to be.

* *Jonathan Swift*. By MIDDLETON MURRY. *Cape*. 30s.

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JONATHAN CAPE

Above all, we are made to understand those last years to which no wisdom came, where warm-hearted men, like Thomas Sheridan, were sent away as cruelly as all were who came too close to the man who had first flayed himself. Scenes that might have come out of *King Lear* were enacted in the house of the old man whose memory was half gone and whose temper had become intolerable. No longer could it be said that Swift's lack of feeling was due to an excess of feeling, unless remorse itself had become too devastating to be experienced in human company. Ill and financially ruined, Sheridan had a room at the Deanery and while waiting for a new house became desperately sick.

> When he had recovered sufficiently to get up from bed he apologised to Swift.
>
> "I fear, Mr. Dean, I have been an expensive lodger to you this bout." Upon which Mrs. Whiteway [the housekeeper] briskly said, "It is in your power, Doctor, easily to remedy this by removing to another lodging." Swift was silent. The poor Doctor was quite thunderstruck. As this lady had always professed great friendship for him and lay under considerable obligations to him, he saw quickly that this must have been done by Swift's direction. He immediately left the house. . . . Nor did he enter it again.
>
> In a few weeks more Sheridan was dead. . . . Swift's most intimate friendships were fated to grim conclusions, as though he were driven to crush in others what he had crushed in himself.

And no one would guess, as Mr. Murry says, from Swift's cold account of Sheridan, that most of Swift's happiness had come from him since Stella's death. Pride and egotism have never had in English literature a more frightening, yet more moving and ingenious embodiment. The spell that delighted the affections and yet, in the great crises of his life, froze the blood of those who had to face him, comes through Mr. Murry's pages. He has conveyed the central fact—that Swift's life was a passion.

V. S. PRITCHETT

THE ASH-TREE

Planting this ash-tree, I invite
Saxon forebears to my garden.
They will understand the symbol
Of the swarthy spear-head thrust
Every springtime through the frost,
While, if I observe aright,
A harsh seabird of a sudden
Will swerve, and set one branch to tremble,
Lighting there with salty cry,
Contemptuous even of the sky
Where, a moment since, he leant
As master of that element.

Though far inland, I shall know
That the shield-hung galleys heave
At the estuary mouth
Where the northern waters flow.
I shall see the Christians leave
With their seedling scholarship,
Clasping close the Book of Truth,
Prayer upon each anxious lip.

Flying too from Oaken Grove
The Masters of the Mistletoe,
All their knowledge in their heads,
None recorded with the quill,
Will shudder as they pass the ash.
Down will fall the Golden Bough;
Swords will smite the Lord of Love.
My own children in their beds
Will dream of fire and feel the lash,
And buds will burst on Yggdrasil.

RICHARD CHURCH

THE COURT OF KING PHILIP

Antonio Pérez. By GREGORIO MARAÑÓN. Translated by CHARLES DAVID LEY. *Hollis & Carter*. 42*s*.

The sixteenth century was an age of bureaucratic kings, and therefore of powerful secretaries. No ruler knew this better than that most desk-bound of all monarchs, *le roi paperassier*, Philip II of Spain. But what if a King should quarrel with his secretary? An expeditious king, like Henry VIII, had no trouble: he sent his best secretary swiftly to the block. But Philip II was not an expeditious king: his famous "prudence," as Dr. Marañón rightly insists against the tiresome "Philippist" historians, was in reality infinite procrastination and indecision. Hence, when he quarrelled with his secretary, he contrived so to bungle the affair that his secretary escaped, challenged, mocked, blackmailed, denounced and ultimately survived him. All Europe witnessed the humiliation of that most sensitive, most egotistical of kings in the *cause célèbre* of Antonio Pérez.

In the 1570s Pérez had been all-powerful behind Philip's throne. Risen in the *clientèle* of the Prince of Eboli, and reputed the lover of his widow (though he had other tastes too), he handled all the King's foreign affairs, much of his lucrative patronage and some of his secret crimes; and he was naturally hated by the rival *clientèle* of the Duke of Alba, envious, and therefore critical, of his ostentatious good fortune. At the same time the King's bastard brother, Don John of Austria, whom he had sent as governor-general to Flanders, and of whom he was, therefore, desperately suspicious (for it was Philip's rule that whom he honoured he suspected), was equally dependent on his secretary, Juan de Escobedo. In 1578 Don John's secretary came to Madrid and King Philip's secretary had him murdered by a gang of ruffians. There is no doubt that the King was privy to the murder. But King Philip, when he murdered people, liked to do it with a good conscience. On this occasion his conscience—especially after the death of Don John which soon followed—was not good. Pressed by the relatives of Escobedo and Pérez's rival secretary Mateo Vázquez, he decided to get rid of the accomplice and witness of his crime. Cautiously he prepared the way, lulling his secretary with ostentatious favour while he summoned a successor from Rome to take over his office; then he pounced. Pérez was arrested. But then, for six years, nothing seemed to happen. There were charges, inquiries, delays. King Philip was afraid to act summarily: there was his conscience, that huge slow engine of egotism, and there were Pérez's papers, those forbidding documents of blackmail. Between egotism and blackmail the case of Antonio Pérez was to drag on till both the King and his former secretary were dead.

And how dramatic it became! The King clung to his conscience, the secretary to his papers. In 1585 Pérez was at last condemned. Tortured, and sure of death, he escaped from prison to Aragon. The King tried to pursue him; Pérez appealed to the liberties of Aragon. To override those liberties, the King appealed to the Inquisition, accusing Pérez of sodomy and other heresies; Pérez, from his prison, mobilised the mob, provoked a rebellion, and escaped to Navarre. He fled to France and became the client of Henri Quatre, to England and became the servant of the Earl of Essex; and all the time, with his famous papers, this elegant, euphuistic writer was able to mock and blackmail the slow-witted, baffled, vindictive monarch. After Philip's death, his nuisance-value dwindled, and he sought to return to Spain, but in vain. He died in France, but at least in his bed, and more comfortably than the King, his tormentor.

What were the motives in this famous drama? Some years ago Dr. Gregorio Marañón, the physician who has become the amateur patron of Spanish history, directed his large resources to this problem. Once again the snowdrifts of paper were disturbed, and the result was a huge book of which we now have an abridged English trans-

lation. It is easy to criticise both the book and the translation. The plots and counterplots of the sixteenth century were so complex, the accusations even in State Trials so unscrupulous, that any interpretation of them should be lucid and analytical: Dr. Marañón overwhelms us with disorderly gobbets. And his translator is too unfamiliar with the subject: it is irritating to find the famous Italian family of Farnese regularly called "Farnesio" (or, even more absurdly, "di Farnesio"), to read of the Austrian Archduke "Alberto," and to have to speculate on the real identity of the Englishmen impossibly described as "Lord Harris" and "Lord Burke." Nevertheless, this is a good and useful book. For the details of motive and manœuvre in this long and unedifying drama are historically unimportant. What is important is the character of King Philip and his court; and that, in this famous case, we see. Round that court there is in general a perpetual haze of suspicion. On endless memoranda the King writes endless marginalia; there is a coming and going of secret agents, confusing instructions, crooked confessors; desperate viceroys abroad wring their hands at the endless indecisions of Madrid; emissaries sent thither do not return. Then suddenly, this great public scandal illuminates the dark corners. As in some work by the King's favourite painter, Hieronymus Bosch, papers have taken wings and are flying in all directions and a bewildering number of scurrying figures—dukes, priests, secretaries and the King himself—are throwing dirt at each other. What we have seen may or may not be the exact truth of that famous case; but it is a true vision of the court of King Philip.

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

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We may, however, suck a few instances from these twin compendious volumes. Scientists, we know, are usually uncharitable to superstitions, and look annoyed when Plato goes on and on with his number 5040—though even a magic number has its logic. But we can now understand much more about the significance of such things. We may not dismiss anything in the world as casual, let alone anything so engrossing as magic; for all knowledge may be science, though a science whose subject is sometimes quite other from what it is supposed to be. Certainly, that favourite ingredient of medicines from the 18th dynasty in Egypt to the eighteenth century in Europe, "the milk of a woman who has borne a male child," has nothing to do with medicine as we now know it; but in company with one medieval recipe for him whose stomach is cold or moist, that it is "helpful to him that a fat child should sleep by him, so that he should always put him near his stomach," it is the outward sign of a mythological and magic act, and must be so understood. Magic allows the soul to move in the world—it is, in fact, the soul moving. "For," as Paracelsus declared, "in the last analysis it is thus, that we contain within ourselves as many natural powers as heaven and earth possess."

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is obscured. The fatality of science is that it destroys the image of truth in the outer world and replaces it with one of fact or, we should say, with a truth in its own right and not under the right of man. It was not for nothing that the Church fought Galileo. The motionless earth, with hell at its centre and, to point the moral yet more strongly, with a sphere of flame between it and the ten heavens, was a necessary model of the state of man's soul : to replace such a diagram with another was to deny a whole set of spiritual correspondences and, in the end, spiritual truth itself. However, it is interesting to see in spite of this how scientific were many of the academic objections to the Copernican theory. The stars were thought to be seen as discs of a definite size ; they were therefore more or less close to the earth. When astronomers failed to discover parallax in their observations of stars, Ptolemy was vindicated and the Copernicans made absurd with the enormous distances they were forced to postulate.

Tradition, besides, is not to be lightly disregarded. Sometimes, of course, a remark is repeated parrot-fashion down the centuries. Such a fate was accorded to Dürer's drawing of a rhinoceros which for 254 years was to be the archetype for innumerable illustrations of rhinos. But Galen's teachings, and the commentaries built round them, served well for 1300 years ; and we may see in Aether a concept which has had a recorded and effective life of twenty-four centuries, and an unrecorded one which must parallel the history of man himself.

Aether is a kind of breath, the breath of God : it is the fifth element, beyond the other four, and from it are made the celestial spheres and the heavenly bodies. Its human analogue is the connate pneuma. This, according to Aristotle, is not soul itself, but that which allows soul to impart its movements to matter : it resembles that medieval agent of the soul known as an Intelligence. The vehicle of the connate pneuma is the blood which, after being concocted from food in the stomach, is again concocted in the heart, and then undergoes pneumatisation. This endows the blood with its active virtues. When blood is in excess, it is further concocted in various parts of the body, turning into "residues" such as hair, horn, nails, milk, the generative residues of semen and menstrual blood and, presumably, the related residue that escapes when you sneeze, making it necessary to utter a protective *gesundheit !* It is now easy for Eristratus of Chios to take the next step, to suppose disease to be the consequence of an excess of blood, and thus to bring about the practice of blood-letting. For the connate pneuma, though (like aether) not composed of the four elements, can form the blood in any proportion of those elements. So, from certain veins where the hot, the cold, the dry or the moist humours were concocted in excess, it was necessary to draw them off with the too productive blood —especially in March when the blood in a man, like the sap in a green thing, increased every day.

It is a triumph when the blood starts to move. "I began to think," wrote Harvey, "whether there might not be a motion, as it were, in a circle. Which motion we may be allowed to call circular, in the same way as Aristotle says that the air and rain emulate the circular motion of the superior bodies . . ." The blood flows to the periphery, where it becomes cold, effete and coagulated ; returning to the heart it receives there "a kind of treasury of life," an impregnation of spirits, and thence is again dispersed. Within this smaller world, Man's body, and around his heart, that "sun of the microcosm," a stream of blood now circles in emulation of the planets.

"Blood," says Harvey, "is the soul of the body." It has been so since the Paleolithic ; but with Harvey, though it has gained the perfection of perpetual motion in a circle, it has lost much of its divinity. For it is the soul of the body in a functional and practical manner, not in a metaphysical one. From time to time, of course, the function of an organ is taken to be something in itself : entelechy is still with us as vitalism. And in the old days it was even isolated : it was thought to be the quintessence, the fifth element of the alchemists. Distilled from its *materia prima*, it was the divine water, the mercury of the philosophers, till the process became vulgarised. O that men would seek immortal moments! Entelechy ended up as Benedictine.

Man delights, like Blake's Satan, in making to himself laws from his own identity. It was a wonderful thing when Bacon refused to identify the world with himself, when he told all workers that Nature must be conquered by obedience and that they "should in chastity and integrity turn them from opinions." From all opinions except one, the one which Aristotle mistakenly talked about : for, as Schopenhauer says, "every creature stands before us as its own creation. But men do not understand the language of Nature, because it is too simple."

FRANCIS HUXLEY

THE EXTERNAL APPROACH

Self Condemned. By WYNDHAM LEWIS. *Methuen.* 15*s.*

This is Mr. Lewis's first novel since 1940 : it shows that he is still, as he has been for forty years, unique among contemporary writers and one of the very few novelists of that time—only Joyce and Lawrence, in this respect though in no other, are comparable figures—whose works of themselves create the standards by which we measure other novelists. In fundamentals the nature of his art has scarcely changed ; he told us many years ago :

> The *external* approach to things (relying on the evidence of the *eye* rather than of the more emotional organs of sense) can make of the "grotesque" a healthy and attractive companion. . . . Dogmatically, then, I am for the Great Without, for the method of *external* approach.

Here, as in certain other ways, his nearest analogue in our fiction is Smollett. Side by side with Smollett's description of Lismahago in *Humphrey Clinker*, for instance, might be set Professor René Harding's vision of the "owl-like glance" of the Canadian dilettante, Mr. Furber, in *Self Condemned* :

> His large and lustreless dark eyes brooded blankly, allowing one to divine a lazy but inquisitive brain, belonging to some aloof, observant, mildly interested *creature* of owl-like habits. A long shapeless black beard hung down lifelessly, concealing his neck and collar. As it stretched downwards from the base of his nose, this practically mouthless expanse threw the onus of expression upon the eyes. These hung reticent, with very little comment, secretive but harmless, above the weedy, pendant growth. The emotionless dull red of the mouth existed irrelevantly *in* this ; the india-rubber lips secreted no saliva and moved very little.

As with Smollett, an intimidating eye for externals combines with a ferocious wit to dehumanise the object both seize upon, to turn it precisely into an object, a monstrous zoological specimen or an equally monstrous creaking mechanism.

Unlike Smollett, however, Mr. Lewis is a highly conscious artist and also an intellectual in the strictest sense, a man for whom ideas matter passionately and have a reality, a potentiality of good or evil, certainly as great as those of flesh-and-blood men and women. He is the proponent of ideas and their satirist, and he can make them enormously funny. We saw this in, to mention only his more recent work, *The Writer and the Absolute*; it comes up in his new novel in such a passage as this, on a small Canadian university :

> It even had a logical positivist from Cambridge (England) by way of a spot of *chic*—also perhaps of scandal ; although, had they understood what logical positivism stands for, it would have scandalised the methodists as much as it did the catholics. As for Professor McKenzie, he regarded the lectures of the nimble little anti-metaphysical with bored indifference. However, a collision was carefully avoided : the little Cambridge horse-fly was the possessor of a small destructive outfit, if he had nothing else, and McKenzie was a shameless metaphysician. He had no wish to be reduced to atomic dust by this patent pulverizer of everything. This was especially the case, since no retaliation was possible, the logical positivist having whittled himself away to a colourless abstraction which hardly constituted even a token target.

What is particularly interesting in *Self Condemned* is that Mr. Lewis is essaying tragedy. His tragic hero is Professor René Harding, a historian who resigns his university chair in the months before the war because he no longer believes in the kind of history he has taught—has, indeed, become anti-history—and who migrates to Canada with his wife as the war breaks out. Professor Harding has many resemblances intellectually to his creator, and like him, he is a man in revolt against the cataclysmic insanity of modern war. Rather than go on living in a society pledged to it, he opts out of it—into life in the hotel room in the Canadian city of Momaco. This description of the hotel and its inhabitants forms the middle section of the novel ; by implication it is a description of Canada and, beyond that, perhaps of mankind in its unregenerate state as a whole. It is one of Mr. Lewis's most powerful pieces of writing, at once terrifying and comic, comparable in its total effect to Kafka's *America*. The hotel is in the end burnt down. Harding emerges from it to resume authorship and become a professor again—but "the Gods cannot strike *twice* and the man survive." His wife commits suicide, Harding has a breakdown, and when he comes out of it he is the shell of himself, a man driven by "the pressure of his own will-to-success, of the most vulgar type." Success comes to him, and he moves to one of the great American universities ; "and the Faculty had no idea that it was a glacial shell of a man who had come to live among them, mainly because they were themselves unfilled with anything more than a little academic stuffing."

Self Condemned is a novel of great intellectual distinction, a characteristic work of one of the few original minds of our time. It is, of course, superbly written, for of one kind of English prose, that which we associate first of all with Thomas Nashe, Mr. Lewis is the modern master. This, it must be admitted, is not what one would gather from some reviewers of Mr. Lewis's new novel, reading whom one can only echo Shaw's "Really the English do not deserve to have great men."

WALTER ALLEN

INDICES OF APATHY?

Power in Trade Unions. By V. L. ALLEN. *Longmans.* 25*s.*

Three years ago, an American scholar, Dr. Goldstein, stumbled out of the archives of the Transport and General Workers Union heavily laden with skulls and bones. When the skeletons had been duly assembled it was found that voting in Union elections was low, that membership turn-over was high, that eligibility for office was restricted and that a vast sleeping membership contracted in and out of political affiliation according to the legislation of the day. These interesting discoveries were put forward as "indices of apathy" and the inference was drawn that Union leadership had grown remote from the rank-and-file and that Union government had become at all levels oligarchic in character.

Naturally Dr. Goldstein's conclusions could not be the last word on so contentious a subject. From the start there were those who said that he had smuggled the bones in with him, and others were quick to point out that skeletons in one Union cupboard did not presuppose skeletons in all Union cupboards. But it was clear that he had made some impact and that those of his critics who wrote about Trade Unions would have, in future, either to dispute his facts or deflate their significance. Mr. V. L. Allen has chosen the latter course. His argument, briefly, is that the extent to which democracy is practised in Trade

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Unions, however it is measured, is not the primary test of a Union's success. As long as a Union satisfies its members by safeguarding their work interests, it can fairly claim to be doing its job. Mr. Allen does not deny the importance of "membership participation" and he recognises apathy as a debilitating disease—but these, he says, are secondary considerations. He is able to draw comfort from the continuing rise of Trade Union membership which he regards as reasonable proof of services rendered. Where apathy exists he notes (but surely overrates?) the safeguard of defection: "A fall in membership is a much greater stimulant [to Union leaders] than a strongly worded resolution." This leads logically—here Mr. Allen is adamant—to opposition to the closed shop or the Union shop which link Union membership with employment.

This is a well argued defence but it is not altogether convincing. Active democracy in the Unions is far more important than Mr. Allen thinks, if only because of the great power that Unions now wield and of the great influence that they have within the Labour Party. These questions are outside Mr. Allen's terms of reference but they provide an effective counter to the argument that the promotion of job interest is the main criterion by which the success of Trade Unions should be judged.

The central problem of modern Union democracy is the growth of bureaucratic power. But bureaucracy, with its inevitable separation of the official and the expert from the rank-and-file, is justified by Mr. Allen not merely on grounds of historical necessity but also because "only a relatively small proportion of the total population possess the interest and the qualities necessary to enable them to play an effective part in government either of the State or of organisations." This is an assumption which the author makes no attempt to justify and it should certainly be resisted by those who run democratic organisations.

From Mr. Allen's survey of Union constitution and practices, it is clear that Union draughtsmen have been fully conscious of the need for, and the difficulties involved in, maintaining democratic control. Most Unions have devised elaborate machinery for watching and checking official power—Annual Conferences, elections of General Secretaries and national committees, appeal tribunals, etc. But the evidence proves that these techniques have been largely unavailing. No one should minimise the inherent difficulties of operating democracy in a large Union. Now that most Union agreements are negotiated at the national level, the atrophy of branch life is scarcely avoidable. In modern conditions representative government can at best replace rank-and-file participation. But representation itself bristles with difficulties.

From this it is not difficult to locate the places of power in Trade Unions. As Mr. Allen indicates, power resides somewhere between the Committee Room of the National Executive and the office of the General Secretary. But the variety of Union practice is so great that a simple answer would belie the truth.

Unikel Dr. Goldstein, Mr. Allen has little advice to offer to Union leaders. Nevertheless this is a book which they and the general reader should certainly read. It is moderate in tone, scholarly in argument and explores a great mass of new territory. The limitations, however, of any attempt to cover the affairs of no fewer than 127 Unions in 300 pages are obvious. Mr Allen has succeeded in taking a brilliant aerial photograph of his terrain. But until the offices and files of British Trade Unions have been thoroughly excavated, conclusions as to their state of health can only be tentative—and Dr. Goldstein's skeletons cannot be decently interred.

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> God is decreeing to begin some new and great period in His Church . . . What does He then but reveal Himself to His servants, and as His manner is, first to His Englishmen?

So Milton in the *Areopagitica*. Three hundred years later, a French Roman Catholic, by changing the last word in that sentence, could fairly have made the same boast. Within the Roman Church of the nineteenth century, God's Frenchmen held undisputed moral and intellectual sway. They not only thought more deeply and creatively about the Church and its problems than other Catholics, but they fought more earnestly for their beliefs; they submitted more submissively, they suffered more intensely. Between 1848 and 1870 three Archbishops of Paris died violently, one preaching peace at the barricades, another before a Communard firing-squad. Pio Nono only fled to Gaeta.

France provided shock troops and a captain for both sides of the ecclesiastical battle: Louis Veuillot, the peasant who became a journalist of genius, for the Ultramontanes; Dupanloup, Talleyrand's confessor, for the liberals. She provided the saints (Bernadette, the Curé d'Ars); in Lacordaire she supplied the greatest preacher of the age. She produced Lamennais, who attempted to reconcile the irreconcilable—the ideals of '89 and the ideas of Joseph de Maistre. (How he set about it is the subject of Canon Vidler's scholarly and specialised study.) In Montalembert France produced the noblest Catholic layman of the century, the man who gave his life to his conception of "a free Church in a free State."

Each of these great men was devoted to the Papacy. Rome broke each in his turn on the wheel of discipline, in the same way as she broke her scholars (Acton, Döllinger) and as she broke Newman many times. For Rome was (and she remains) a jealous mistress: those who see a disturbing psychological kinship in all totalitarianisms, spiritual or material—the same glories at the periphery, the same power-ridden boneheadedness at the centre—will find their prejudices confirmed in Mr. Spencer's brilliant panoramic account of the French Church during the nineteenth century. Not that the writer has any such axes to grind. He is a humanist and he writes above the conflict, telling his story in much the same spirit as Sainte-Beuve told the story of Port Royal. "Because," he writes,

> the passage of a thousand years brings as little variation to the shape of the cross as to that of the ploughshare, one readily infers that its workings are as fixed as its design. But all these suppositions are false: the soutane and the chasuble are merely vestments, cloaking men that differ and change and develop. Mutability, variability and adaptation represent the rule and not the exception.

Mr. Spencer has written his narrative round three central figures: Lacordaire the preacher, Michon the rebel priest who sought to reconcile his faith with the results of science, and Veuillot the journalist. The first and last are admirably chosen for his purpose. Michon, however, is a marginal figure and Mr. Spencer might have done better to have chosen some other churchman as the pivot of his study. His portrait of Veuillot is his most memorable single effect, but his book as a whole is a *tour de force* of scholarship and good writing, one of those rare achievements that win both the appreciation of the expert and the gratitude of the common reader.

Mr. Hales has also written an excellent book, though from an entirely different standpoint. He is as deeply engaged on one side of the great debate as Mr. Spencer is uncommitted to either. He is out to vindicate Pius IX and he does so in a combination of deep scholarship and crisp, illiberal apologetic. Mr. Hales takes us step by step through the crowded tumultuous years between 1846 and 1878. He shows us how the liberal ruler of the Papal States, with his plans for railways, gas lighting and a constitution, was turned by the pressure of events and the wickedness of men—Mazzini's godlessness, Cavour's duplicity, Garibaldi's intransigence—into the most reactionary Pope of the nineteenth century. All this is obviously true. Fear generally provokes men to reaction and Pio Nono suffered more provocation than most. Yet he himself was no great pontiff: his sense of humour, his cock-sparrow courage in face of the Risorgimento, went hand in hand with a feminine lack of scruple, an ugly ungenerosity towards opponents. His supporters, apart from the murdered Rossi, were a grim set: Antonelli, with his jewels and his mistress, was little more than a loyal and a cunning old bandit in a soutane; Mgr. Talbot, the Pope's sinister grey eminence, went off his head and had to be locked up; Manning nursed his power complex in an Ignatian straitjacket. Such men cut a bad moral figure beside the persecuted Lamennais and the outcast Montalembert.

Even dialectically, by their own theological standards, the Vatican Ultramontanes made an inefficient showing. When Pio Nono launched his Syllabus of Errors on an astonished hierarchy, condemning Socialism, Pantheism and Bible Societies equally and *en bloc*, it was left to the liberal Dupanloup to pull the chestnuts out of the fire for him. One must distinguish, the Archbishop commented, between the thesis and the hypothesis. Paris took up the distinction gleefully. "As they said . . . after a close observation of the Nuncio's social life, 'The thesis is to burn M. de Rothschild; the hypothesis is to dine with him'."

Dupanloup and Pio Nono, the liberals and the Lateran Council, cast their shadows over the Roman Church in the present century. Both Mr. Spencer and Mr. Hales should give the contemporary Papist furiously to think. The good Catholic can never doubt that the Church must prevail. He is, however, permitted

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to ask himself under what conditions it will best thrive. It may or it may not thrive through its Abbé Pierres, its ex-worker priests, or through the three French Dominicans who recently submitted to Rome. But it will never thrive through its latter-day Ultramontanes, its spiritual totalitarians—whether such totalitarianism takes the form of Cardinal Spellman's statesmanship, Mgr. Fulton Sheen's television stunts or the follies of the Irish censor.

JOHN RAYMOND

ON MANY THOUSAND LINES

Matthew Arnold: Poetry and Prose. Edited by JOHN BRYSON. *Hart-Davis.* 26*s.*

"O me," sighed Portia, "the word 'choose'!" With her, the compiler of selections must sympathise; with him, the reviewer. Of Matthew Arnold's poems Mr. Bryson has sought to exhibit "the best," as Arnold sought to exhibit the best of Wordsworth's. In the selections prepared for the Reynard Library appear almost all the poems that bring the sense of a voice speaking still to *us*; through them recur as themes (so Arnoldian, so comprehensible now), the individual's loneliness and inability to define his purpose. About 1853 Arnold told his dear sister "K" (Mrs. Forster) that his poems "stagger weakly and are at their wits' end"; and A. H. Clough, writing of Arnold's poems in the *North American Review* (1853), suggested that, "upon the whole, for the present age, the lessons of reflectiveness and the maxims of caution do not appear to be more needful or more appropriate than exhortations to steady courage and calls to action." But formulated expressions of melancholy may prove to be as liberating as apostrophes to duty—may even themselves induce the counter-utterances, like Arnold's *Courage* and *The Last Word*. Certainly the new collection would have been the poorer if Mr. Bryson had not reprinted all of *Empedocles on Etna*. It is, as it stands, a very good collection. The only conspicuous omission is of *Tristram and Iseult*. ("I may say," Arnold himself wrote in 1886, "that I have managed the story better than Wagner.") Would it not have been possible to begin making space by sacrificing *Mycerinus* and *The Church of Brou*? Mention of certain other omissions, though it may tend to reflect special interests, will suggest at the same time how well Mr. Bryson has treated the general favourites. I confess, then, that I should have been glad to find *Religious Isolation* (somewhat knotty, to be sure), *East London*, and *Heine's Grave*.

Mr. Bryson faced yet greater problems when he came to survey Arnold's prose. How was he to display, in some 450 pages, what he calls "a representative body of his prose"? Something of the difficulty is shown by the fact that Mr. Bryson was able to include little more than a fifth of *Culture and Anarchy* (counting the preface), only six and a half pages of *Literature and Dogma*, and nothing of *St. Paul and Protestantism*, *God and the Bible*, and *Last Essays on Church and Religion*. So, from *Culture and Anarchy*, one misses helpful early words describing the operation of Culture—"internal," "general," "harmonious"—and all the free play of consciousness round topics current in the 1860s, like the Irish Church and the Real Estate Intestacy Bill. Again, the essays on religion having so little space, one misses not only Arnoldian phrases (for example, on the abiding value of the Old Testament and the New Testament) but the evidence in volume that, for an Arnold writing prose in the nineteenth century, religion counted for much more than (say) one-fiftieth of life. That topics are not long current nor opinions long unquestioned makes these writings hardly less "representative" of Arnold. His essays in literary criticism have provoked disagreement, too; six months ago Dr. Trevelyan, in the Clark Lectures, spoke doubts about the great critic's "actual choices." To the essays in criticism, without overlooking such others as "Democracy" and "Numbers," Mr. Bryson has given most of the pages in the section of prose. He deserves special thanks, I should say, for admitting passages from *A French Eton* and—though too few, the best of all—from *Friendship's Garland*. He made his choices knowingly; he compiled a selection that is certainly stimulating to read. As he says, "Arnold has a way of anticipating problems which are our concern as well as his."

How often, reading Arnold, one is made to think of exchanges, whether of argument or of warm regard! A useful collection could be amassed of pieces that challenged his views and drove him to write more; it would have at least bits from Francis Newman's *Homeric Translation*, and Harrison's *Culture, A Dialogue*, and Huxley's address at Mason's college in Birmingham, and the various complaints about *Literature and Dogma*. Mr. Bryson would have had room to describe a little more fully, in his pages of introductory notes, some of the circumstances in which Arnold wrote. In the very process of selection, however, he has done a good deal to place Arnold in relation to his family and friends. *Rugby Chapel* and *Thyrsis* are, of course, among the chosen poems; so are *Resignation*, which recalls walks in the "cheerful silence of the fells" with "K," and *A Southern Night*, composed after the death at Gibraltar of William, the brother who had gone to India and written *Oakfield*. Arnold's letters help, too. I wish we had more of them. "It cannot be claimed," Mr. Bryson says, no doubt correctly, "that he is one of the great letter-writers"; it cannot be claimed that our sense of exchange is so lively as it would be if we could somehow turn to all the letters answering or being answered. But consider the value of what we can find even in Mr. Bryson's 45 pages: here is Arnold writing to Clough from Thun about a blue-eyed girl at the Bellevue; to his wife—once his *unerreichbare Schöne*—about good talk with Sainte-Beuve in Paris; to his sister Frances about a dinner shared with Ruskin, Huxley and Gladstone. The letters help to establish relations; they show Arnold himself as poet, inspector of schools, critic and lecturer, elegant worldling, family man—all of which he indubitably was. To have presented so much of him in one handsome volume is an achievement.

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FABER

NEW NOVELS

The Disguises of Love. By ROBIE MACAULEY. *Harrap.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Look Not Upon Me. By DENYS JONES. *Cape.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Rough Island Story. By HUGH MCGRAW. *Barker.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Mary Anne. By DAPHNE DU MAURIER. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

To be "engaged" or to take evasive action? This seems to be the besetting decision of the modern novelist. This week the count is three to one. Mr. Macauley's book, set in an American university, is a refreshing, legitimate evasion. It contains no whisper of un-American activities or Senator McCarthy. The writer ignores them as completely as Jane Austen did the Napoleonic wars. *The Disguises of Love* is the story of a professor of psychology who falls in love with one of his girl students and takes her as his mistress; or, to put it more accurately, is taken by her as her lover. The author tells his story by interweaving three first person narratives—the professor's, his wife's and his adolescent son's. All three are handled with skill, the characters are clearly differentiated, and each one comes out completely in the round, comprehensible and often sympathetic. The girl student, who is only seen through the professor's eyes is, perhaps intentionally, a flatter and less real personality, but the character of the stupid, limited wife is an achievement on the part of a young male writer.

The Disguises of Love voyages in that "unplumb'd, salt, estranging sea" that divides human beings. None of the characters in this book is able to communicate, and this seems inevitable and yet tragic. The professor, Howard, sees himself, not untruly, as romantic, vulnerable and sensitive; buried in the adult man is the small boy who identified himself with Commodore Perry beating the English on Lake Erie. The son, who is one of those strange half-mature, half-retarded adolescents, familiar to us from American fiction, can on the other hand see nothing in his father but an academic bore, a "sober, narrow, habitual man." Occasionally there is a spark of sympathy, an abortive contact, but it never comes to anything. The three are imprisoned in their own personalities. There is little story to this book and not much development; it may strike some readers as monotonous, but it remains a genuine and original attempt at describing human relationships.

Mr. Denys Jones has grasped the nettle of engaged literature with all his might. His novel is set in Kenya, towards the end of the last war when Mau-Mau, as yet an unfamiliar name to most Whites, was just beginning. His hero, a Corporal in the British Army, falls in love with a black nurse in an African military hospital. Mr. Jones obviously knows his background. The details of his story are lifelike and some of the minor characters are good, but with the two main characters, Carter and Naomi, he has fallen into the pitfall which lies in wait for the writer *à thèse*. They are symbols rather than living people. In the main Carter's problem is the same as Howard's in *The Disguises of Love*. Howard cannot marry his girl because he is a married professor and she is his student; Carter cannot marry his girl because he is a British soldier and she is black. Yet the second case somehow touches us far less nearly. Naomi is so idealised that she never comes alive, Carter is only really convincing in his relationships with his Army friends, not in his love for her. Both are somehow dwarfed by the problem of race relations.

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the eyes of a young boy or girl. Mr. Hartley is the genre's most distinguished exponent and *Rough Island Story* is certainly not so good as *The Go-Between*. Nevertheless, it has its points. It is readable and it gives an authentic picture of middle-class life as seen by a boy of thirteen, when papas were formidable and the smallest respectable household boasted a maid in a cap. James Fitzsimmonds lives in a suburb in the midst of which is one of those decaying country houses with large grounds that are often found forlornly abandoned in a waste of small villas. He breaks in, and on the lake he finds an island which he imagines holds buried treasure. In the later part of the book he becomes involved in rescuing Lady Miranda ffolkeard, the small daughter of the house's owner, from kidnapping. Artistically this is a mistake; it brings the book down with a bump to *B.O.P.* level, although I suppose the author could argue that something has to happen in 224 pages. Moreover the 1913 atmosphere, so authentic in the early part of the book, now goes to pieces. I do not think that any aristocratic small girl of that era would have been familiar with or given tea-parties in a private room of the Hotel Splendide. The school-room on a Belgravian third floor back with plenty of bread and butter for tea would have been considered far more suitable.

Finally, we have the champion escapist. This time Miss du Maurier is involved with her ancestress, Mrs. Clarke, the notorious mistress of George IV's brother, the Duke of York, who trafficked in military promotions. "Mrs. Clarke," wrote Harriet Cavendish in 1809, "is rather a clever, pretty, impudent woman, ashamed of no one thing in the world, which is lucky for her." This admirable summing-up gives us a far more vivid picture of Mary Anne than the rather sentimentalised figure presented by her great-great-grand-daughter. But what strikes one most about this novel is the contrast between the style of the eighteenth-century quotations, extracts from the trial and letters (even Mary Anne's own, which are illiterate and yet brisk and direct), and Miss du Maurier's own manner of writing. It is certainly a happy thing that "peradventure," "Egad sir," and "Stap my vitals," no longer feature in historical fiction, but must we rush to the other extreme? Mary Anne is larded with such sentences as: "The King . . . one moment as bright as a button and balmy the next." "His army was screaming for equipment." "Poor darling, he's so involved with this Goddamned war." "'Just one last word,' Mr. Brougham said, 'I'm so terribly sorry.'"

BETTY ASKWITH

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

It is profoundly saddening that Toscanini's last classical recordings should all be more or less unsatisfactory. The latest to come our way, Beethoven No. 7 (H.M.V.) and Schubert No. 9 (H.M.V.), fare no better than the others, for the recording is dry, cramped and gramophoney. There is a view that, if a performance be sufficiently stunning, the recording doesn't matter. I cannot see the force of this argument. To *be* beautiful, music must *sound* so; and this is true especially in the case of Toscanini, who has always cared supremely for beauty of sound; but in his last two offerings not even the performances come up to his usual level. In the Allegretto of the Beethoven the tuttis are unsuitably violent, and the Finale is rushed off its feet, so that the semiquavers are smudged. As for the Schubert, it has never been among the maestro's great performances: he plays the symphony for its drama—without over-driving it, to be sure, but at the expense of the lyrical grace and suavity that are so important a feature of this heavenly work. The Krips issue (*D.) still holds the field. Since the war there has been no adequate substitute for the old Schnabel set of Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 1 in C. In a new LP disc (*N.) Badura-Skoda proves an ideal choice for this sparkling work, with its amorous Largo. He takes a few liberties with the text (doubled scales, omitted decorations), but no more than are legitimate in the circumstances, and his handling of the solo has a youthful enthusiasm, as well as a bright precision, that raises the spirits. The orchestra of the Vienna Opera has a nice open sound, but Hermann Scherchen does not conduct it very sensitively and the disc has a prickly surface.

The most recent version of Mozart's *Sinfonia concertante in E flat*, K 364, played by Norbert Brainin and Peter Schidlof with the London Mozart Players under Harry Blech (H.M.V.), is paired with the Haffner Symphony. This is a serviceable coupling, in that little is positively wrong with it, except rather too fast a tempo in the first movement of the *Sinfonia*. But to play this record immediately after the ** Vox disc containing Mozart's Flute Concertos in G (K 313) and D (K 314), is to be made forcibly aware of the distance which separates a good routine performance from one in which everything has been lovingly studied down to the last inflection. We know that Mozart was not much interested in the flute, but he was almost incapable of dullness, and these two concertos are wholly delicious music—in particular the Adagio of K 313, with its slyly questioning tune. Camillo Wanausek seems to be the perfect flautist, and his evident absorption in the music has inspired the orchestra and conductor (Vienna Pro Musica/Swarowsky) to a beautifully delicate and springy accompaniment. K 313 is also available in a new Telefunken LP, where the coupling is Mozart's Concerto for Flute and Harp (K 299); but Willy Glass's playing, though velvety in the lower register, is puffy up top, and the harp in K 299 sounds like a musical box. Stylistically on a level with the Vox record is a coupling of two concertos by Vivaldi—one in F major for oboe, the other in G major for violin. The first is played by Renato Zanfini, the second by Luigi Ferro, with the Virtuosi di Roma (*H.M.V.). The Oboe Concerto, in particular, is a real discovery, and the composer's greatness is displayed to advantage in the Largo—an unusually expressive piece composed entirely in two parts (oboe and violins) with such wonderful skill that the harmony is completely suggested, and without gawkiness. The recording is well balanced, but on the shrill side. Sad to relate, Menuhin's latest account of the Bartok Violin Concerto (H.M.V.) is an almost total loss. He sounds as if he had fallen out of love with the work; in any case his handling of the themes lacks firmness and conviction and his tone is miserable. Furtwängler, too, seems to have been an unlucky choice to conduct the work: either he does not like it or does not know it well, for in his hands the movements sag and droop out of shape.

I have so often disliked the performances of the Amadeus Quartet that it is pleasure to be able whole-heartedly to applaud their version of Mozart's String Quintet in C major, K 515 (**H.M.V.). This is one of the most nobly conceived of Mozart's chamber works and it has been absent from the catalogues since the long-since deleted Pro Arte set. The Amadeus give a vital and well considered account of the splendid music and receive an excellent recording. Another well loved piece which has been too long absent is Smetana's String Quartet in E minor ("Aus meinem Leben"). This has turned up again in an authoritative performance by the Vegh Quartet (*D.). The coupling is Kodaly's Second Quartet, Op 10. This interesting work dates from 1918, a year after Bartok's No. 2, with which it has thematic qualities in common, though Kodaly's is the slighter work. There are only two movements, but the second, which uses a great deal of material, has a slow introduction consisting of recitative passages for the first violin and the cello. Another arresting feature of the writing is the device of pitting two members of the quartet against the other two. This is very passionate music, recognisably Hungarian, and it is most convincingly played. The disc would certainly have been worth two stars, if the Smetana had not been slightly less well recorded than the Kodaly.

The Four-hand Sonatas of Mozart contain some of his most intimate disclosures, and the collection of three (K 357 in G, K 358 in B flat, K 381 in D) on a disc made by the Demus/Badura-Skoda duo (**N.) is strongly recommended to readers who may have enjoyed the same players' issue of Schubert's duets. The performances are immaculate and receive the recording they deserve. Backhaus's complete set of Beethoven's Sonatas (some discs are still to come) has been variable in quality and the larger of the works have seemed to me the least successful; but the latest bouquet, which contains the Op. 81a in E flat major ("Les Adieux"), Op. 90 in E minor, and Op. 2, No. 1, in F minor, (*D.) is among the most durable. Few pianists make a success of that odd, awkward work, "Les Adieux"; going for it in a feverish manner that destroys the feeling as well as blurring the figuration. Backhaus gives a magisterial rendering, with no undue haste, and makes a memorably poetic impression on the final page. The other sonatas go equally well and the three make a very desirable trio. The recording is hard in forte, but pretty good elsewhere.

That vigorous and thoughtful pianist, Friedrich Wührer, makes a very strong bid with Schubert's Sonatas in B flat major, Op. posth., and A minor, Op. 143 (*V.). In the first I do not think that he comes up to the level of Schnabel's famous SP version: Wührer takes a brisker view of the Adagio, with a result that might be thought superficial; and in the Finale he lacks gaiety. But his interpretation is solid and consistent, very beautiful in tone, and will appeal to those who find the Kempff version (*D.) too wayward for their taste. The A minor Sonata is—except in the short Andante—as awkward, pianistically, as "Les Adieux"; the blunt, elliptical style of the first movement eludes the grasp of all save the most steadfast of executants. Wührer elucidates it most convincingly. The disc would certainly have been double-starred if the surface were not so heavy (with swish in the latter half of side 1);

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but it is possible that Vox may have cleared this up in later copies.

The latest complete *Carmen* (H.M.V.) is the best of the three LP versions, but it is far from ideal. To begin with the faults: the French is atrocious, the Micaela (Licia Albanese) is miscast and out of character, the Escamillo (Robert Merrill) lacks swagger, and there is a general absence of Gallic sparkle. The Carmen of Risë Stevens is famous in America, and it is clear from this recording that to a great extent she fills the bill; she is an accurate singer, she executes the turns to a nicety, and has real chest notes. But—and it is a big but—she never sounds ruthless. On the credit side we have a brilliantly rehearsed ensemble, much beautiful orchestral detail, a Don Jose who, apart from his grotesque French, is quite adequate, and an excellent balance. The complete recording of Strauss's *Der Rosenkavalier* (N.), on the other hand, can be recommended only to those who want to get a general idea of the opera. The trouble here is partly a very poor balance (all the singers are too near, and when an ensemble is in progress the orchestra disappears almost completely), and partly the Marshallin of Margarete Bäumer. This soprano knows the part thoroughly, but her voice now sounds thin and in this set I found it painful to listen to. Kurt Böhme, again, though an admired Baron Ochs, makes no attempt to reduce his characterisation to the scale of a recording, and the result is monotonously gross. As the young pair of lovers, Tiana Lemnitz and Ursula Richter are charming, and the scenes between them in the second and third acts are the best things in the set. Kempe is a good Strauss conductor and secures fine orchestral playing—when one can hear enough of it.

Enthusiasts for *musica antiqua* will want to possess two new ** Vox discs, the first containing Monteverdi's masque, *Il ballo dell'Ingrate*, the second an assemblage of Motets of the Venetian School (the two Gabrielis, Nasco, Merulo). The masque tells the story of an attempt by Amor (Emma Tegani) and Venus (Claudia Carbi) to persuade Pluto (Luigi Scarro) to give a little holiday to dead wives whose husbands have had reason to complain of their stingy response to love-making. This comically *risqué* plot is treated by Monteverdi with complete seriousness, and the result, if odd, is movingly beautiful, in the rich, stiff, damascene style. There are some small cuts in the score, and purists may find that the editing of Roberto Lupi makes the music sound more like Purcell than Monteverdi; but no one can fail to be charmed by the expressive arieso, and the delicate playing of the Milan Chamber Orchestra. The Venetian Motets are sung by the choir of Treviso Cathedral and will appeal to all those who do not care for the lymphatic style of English cathedral choirs. The motets, which are sometimes polyphonic and at others hymn-like, are sung with boldness and truth, and the tone of the juvenile section of the choir has a pungency—a kind of innocent defiance—that is wholly delightful. The recording, which is resonant but not too much so, is very successful in conveying the antiphonal effect, as the music swings from side to side of the church.

Admirers of Elena Gerhardt will be glad to know that she has lately recorded Schumann's *Frauenliebe und Leben* in its entirety, to the accompaniment of Gerald Moore. This SP set of three discs (obtainable from Collectors Corner, 63, Monmouth Street, London, W.C.2, at the price of two guineas), finds Mme Gerhardt's artistry, though not her vocal resources, unimpaired.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,263

Set by G. de Vavasour

Prizes are offered for a 150-word extract from a biography of Mrs. Grundy, Dame Nature, the Clerk of the Weather, Father Time, *or* Mr. Manners. Entries by May 18

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,260

Set by T. W. Eason

The poetic recipe for almond tarts from *Cyrano de Bergerac* has been tried out and proved excellent in the eating. The usual prizes are offered for an equally toothsome and practicable recipe in an equally strict English verse form.

Report by T. W. Eason

No doubt it was a difficult problem. Granted that the recipe was sound and delectable—"I am incapable of inventing a recipe, so I have lifted this from Mrs. Beeton!" one competitor wrote—a choice remained: should the verse ape the even, unsensational tone of the recipe book, rising only to the most modest of climaxes; or should it seek to strike out a poetic spark? Of those who took the first alternative, Allan M. Laing was one of the best; in the second category, Eric Swainson blended a Keatsian sensuousness with metaphysical conceits in a sonnet which only an error of scansion in the tenth line debarred from a prize.

As we are two, this pair of eggs I take,
Cool from the lay some thirty hours, and split
The shells with caution, for I would not break
Such golden hearts, nor waste of white a whit.
Each yolk with cunning hand I separate
From its albuminous integument,
Add water, season, mix; then agitate
The whites into a snow-spun monument!
Meanwhile, in smoking fat diced wholemeal bread
Achieves a golden crispness; over it I pour
The yolk-mix; then the white *soufflé* is wed
(Triumphant incest!) to the yolk she bore.
Thus, golden-brown beneath and white above,
An omelette shared promotes connubial love!

P.M. began a triolet promisingly:

Take Father's best sherry
And beat it a treat
With egg, cream, chopped cherry . . .

Lakon's fish-and-chips *à l'anglaise* was eliminated on the grounds of insufficient toothsomeness ("Drop the whole lot in lukewarm fat"), though the presentation left nothing to be desired:

Fry them all well till the edges are curled
And serve them up in the *News of the World*.

Dorothy Adler's recipe for *Peking Dust* opened—

With sponge cake fingers build a round stockade
Secured together with a mortar made
Of caramel.
In harvest time brocade
With crab apples. This is the city wall.

Ernest Hall redeemed an undistinguished sonnet by an ending in the grand manner:

Sweeter than any song the sirens sang
Are baked tinned plums, surmounted by meringue.

Andrew Crowcroft almost deserved a prize for the brilliant and appropriate pun of his title (Lemon Soufflé à la Princesse); the recipe began—

Now beat the yellow egg yolk, now the white;

and concluded—

Now fold in white with care and gentleness,
And slip into the bosom of the stove;
Slow oven it, a half hour, cook, until
At once it sets and becomes lost in me.

First prize of three guineas to the Revd. J. P. Stevenson; two guineas to D. R. Peddy for his tempting pudding and one guinea to Brian Barefoot (in spite of some doubt about the last line). Runners up: Eric Swainson, Andrew Crowcroft, Elaine Morgan, Pat Bullen, H. A. C. Evans.

CHUTNEY

Five pounds of tomatoes (green),
Some cayenne,
Four pints vinegar (three malt
And, if you like, one tarragon),
Cinnamon,
A head of garlic, ginger, salt,

Brown sugar, dates—of each a pound—
Stir them round
With cloves and two pounds of sultanas,
Four of cooking apples, sliced,
And, well diced,
(If possible) two little red bananas.

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Boil and sieve, and if you store
A month or more
You'll have a chutney fit to anoint
Collations that an earl might choose
Or excuse
The gaunt remains of Sunday's joint.

J. P. STEVENSON

STRAWBERRY WHIP

Some strawberries, already iced,
Should to refrigerate be left
In cups with orange segments, sliced
And of both pips and pith bereft.
Meanwhile, into a vessel pour
Some boiling water, that will heat
The eggs—just three, no less, no more,
Which, in a bowl above it, beat
With sugar—whereof, I should state,
The quantity must be precise.
Three ounces is the proper weight,
According to the best advice.
When thick the mixture, sherry add—
Three tablespoonfuls, shall we say.
And if by chance it's to be had,
A few drops of Grand Marnier.
Then whisk into a creamy state,
Pile on the frozen fruit; behold
A light, delicious sweet! but wait
To serve until it's truly cold.

D. R. PEDDY

BULGARIAN SYLLABUB

For each person, take an orange,
Peel them, squeeze them, keep the juice;
Choose a favourite colour essence—
Primrose, verdigris, or puce.

Take a tub-shaped jar (per person)
Of plain yogurt; empty whole
With the juice, the essence, sugar
Into a large mixing-bowl.

Add (to taste) the crowning flavour—
Teaspoons of a fine liqueur
(It should have an orange basis:
Curaçao, or Cointreau pure).

Stir the whole, until the mixture
Satisfies a gourmet's taste;
Delicate in hue and flavour,
Consistency of thinnest paste.

Here you have an English sweetmilk
("Syllabub" is milk and wine)
Enlivened with *lactobacillus*
Of the sour *bulgaricus* kind.

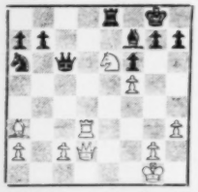
BRIAN BAREFOOT

CHESS: Præceptor Germaniæ

No. 240.

That was the unofficial title which Dr. Siegbert Tarrasch was inordinately proud of, the more so since the official *Weltmeister*-title had eluded him. He may well have got it had he consented to play Steinitz in the early 'nineties; yet, when Lasker got and grasped his chance a few years later Tarrasch's fervent zeal of wresting the coveted title from his great rival was to be frustrated until he was past his prime and beyond a fair chance of success. He wasn't loved by his contemporaries, but he was greatly respected and for a decade or two, in spite of Lasker, he bestrode the Chess World, an *arbiter mundi* even if not the World Champion; yet, he lived to see many of his theories confounded by the "Hypermoderns." He was, like so many Bourgeois Jews in his country, a jingoist, indomitably proud of having given his only son to die for the fatherland in the First World War; yet, he lived to see the advent of Hitler. He died 20 years ago, and it seems a suitable occasion to remember a man who, withal, has an imperishable niche—and a pretty substantial one at that—in the history of Chess. Here is one of the few games he won in his first match against Lasker, a very "precise" game, to quote Tarrasch's own favourite term.

(1)	P-K4	P-K4	(16)	Kt-K4	B-Kt2
(2)	Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	(17)	Kt x B	P x Kt
(3)	B-Kt5	Kt-B3	(18)	QR-Q1	Q-B3
(4)	O-O	Kt x P	(19)	P-QB4 !	KR-K1
(5)	P-Q4	B-K2	(20)	Q-Kt4	B-B3 ?
(6)	Q-K2	Kt-Q3	(21)	R-K2 !	R-K5
(7)	B x Kt	KtP x B	(22)	Q-Kt3	Q-K3
(8)	P x P	Kt-Kt2	(23)	P-KR3 !	R-Q1
(9)	Kt-B3	O-O	(24)	R(2)-Q2	R-K4
(10)	R-K1	Kt-B4	(25)	B-R6 !	Q-Kt3
(11)	Kt-Q4	Kt-K3	(26)	B-B4 !	R-K3
(12)	B-K3	Kt x Kt	(27)	B x P	Q-R4 !
(13)	B x Kt	P-QB4	(28)	Q-Kt4 !	Q x Q
(14)	B-K3	P-Q4	(29)	P x Q	R-K5
(15)	P x P e.p.	B x P	(30)	B x P, etc.	



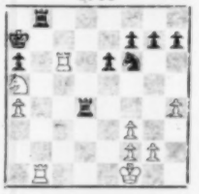
Just to show that (when the position warranted it) Tarrasch could play as scintillatingly combinative Chess as anybody, here is a position which, (playing White) he achieved against Walbrodt at Leipzig, 1894 (and in a Falkbeer Gambit, too).

(28)	Kt x P ! !	K x Kt	(34)	Q-Q3 ch	K-Kt2
(29)	R-KKt3 ch	B-Kt3	(35)	R-KKt3	Q-B4 ch
(30)	P x B	P x P	(36)	B-Q4	Q-R4
(31)	B-B1 !	P-KKt4	(37)	P-KR4	Kt-B4
(32)	B-Kt2 !	K-Kt3	(38)	R x P ch, etc.	
(33)	R-KB3	R-K3			

A: Dr. Tarrasch
1895

To make the 4-pointer not too difficult for beginners I had better explain that Tarrasch (White) started his combination by (1) R x P! Obviously the R is taboo, so Black counter-attacked by (1) . . . Kt x P, (2) Kt x Kt, R x Kt ch, (3) P x R, R x P ch. How now did Tarrasch force his opponent's resignation in a couple of moves? **B** was inspired by and (slightly) adapted from a game-position and should be rather overrated with 6 ladder-points. White mates in 4 moves. **C**—White to win—is a pretty study and should be a bargain at 7 points if I add a useful hint by means of the one word: *Zugzwang*.

B: Dr. Tarrasch
1908



C: K. A. L. Kubbel
1925

Usual prizes. Entries by May 17.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 237. Set April 17

A: (1) B-R6 ch, Kt-Kt8. (2) R x Kt ch, R-B8. (3) R x R ch, Kt-Q8. (4) R x Kt ch, B-K8. (5) R x B ch, P queens. (6) B x B ch, R-B3. (7) B x R ch, Q-Q4. (8) B x Q ch. P-K5. (9) B x P ch P-B6. (10) B x P mate.

B: (1) Kt-B7 ch, K-Kt2. (2) P-Q8—Kt ch, K-Kt3. (3) Kt-Q5 ch, K-R4. (4) Kt-B6 ch, K-R5. (5) Kt-B3 ch, K-Kt6. (6) Kt-R5 ch, K-Kt7. (7) Kt-R4 ch, K-R8. (8) B-K5 ch, B-Q5. (9) B x B ch, R-Kt7. (10) Kt-Kt3 (B x R) mate.

C: K on h4; then (1) P-Q4, K-R4. (2) Q-Q3 etc.
if (2) . . . K-Kt5. (2) P-K4 ch etc.

D: (1) . . . Q x P. (2) B x P ch, B x B. (3) Kt-K7 ch, K-R1. (4) Q x P ch, K x Q. (5) R-R1 ch, B-R4 mate.

E: (1) K-Kt2 ch, K any. (2) K-R1 ch, K-B4. (3) Q-R3 ch, K-B5. (4) Kt-Kt2 ch. K-Kt4. (5) Q-R4 ch, K-B4. (6) Q-R5 ch, Kt-Kt4. (7) R-B1 ch, Kt-B7 ch. (8) K-Kt1, B x Kt. (9) Q-R3 ch Kt x Q mate.
if (8) . . . B-R2. (9) Q-B3 ch, Kt x Q mate

F: (1) Q-Kt3 ch, K-K5. (2) R-QR7 ! !, Q x R. (3) Q-Kt6 ch, K-B6. (4) Q-Kt2 ch, K-B5. (5) Q-Kt4 ch, followed by Q-Kt1 etc.
if (2) . . . B-R6. (3) Q-Kt4 ch, followed by R x B ch etc.

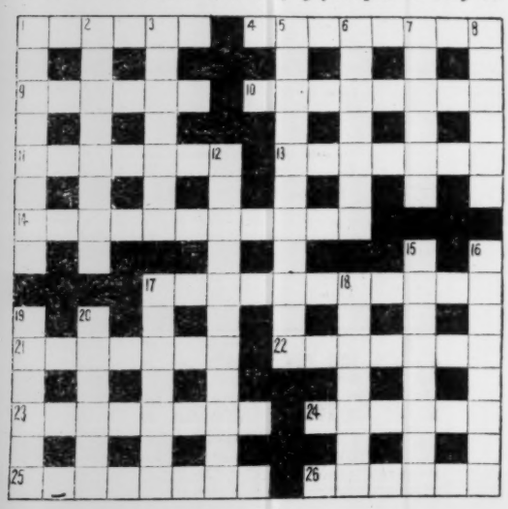
G: (1) B-QKt3, Q x B. (2) Q x Q, B-B1 ch ! (3) K-R5!, P queens (4) Q x B, Q-QB4 ch. (5) K-Kt6, Q-KB4 ch. (6) K-B7, Q-R 2 ch. (7) K-K8! Q x B. (8) Q x P ch etc.
if (4) . . . Q x Q. (5) B x P ch etc.

Most competitors garnered something between 20 and 30 points, but quite a few were wholly or partly baffled by one or the other of the more difficult pieces. Prizes shared by D. E. Cohen, J. R. Harman, L. J. Jackson, A. J. Roycroft.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 99

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 99, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on May 18



ACROSS

1. Threads born in sacks (6).
4. Trained cadet due with a fresh order (8).
9. Sold five and then stopped (6).
10. Mystic conspiracy in America (8).
11. Agricultural workers who get benefits? (7).
13. "In every —— there is an image of death" (George Eliot) (7).
14. Having vacancies briefly recorded? (11).
17. Scraps of knowledge being important among the Nazis (11).
21. Sorters seem qualified to solve it (7).
22. He is a cricketer at heart and takes part in arguments (7).
23. London was the Forsytes'—or should it be foresight? (8).
24. A flower inseparable from Keats at the end (6).
25. It is horrible, but I finish among the swimmers (8).
26. Rank and possessions (6).

DOWN

1. Hot, though always in the embrace of a cold-blooded creature (8).
2. The house to stop a depression (8).
3. Sphere for a musician (7).
5. It is ruined, but cover up with a good old-fashioned sequel (11).
6. A number fed before the socialist provided the food (7).
7. Put up the equipment to start this game (6).
8. Plan for the soldiers who turn up in the hide-out (6).
12. Camp children; they need calcium to make them grow up (11).
15. Curse articles and the degree (8).
16. Cut off with a broken set over the mountains (8).
17. Smart copper under a tree (7).
18. Contests which can eliminate (7).
19. Briefly state if it is mountainous (6).
20. To be worn on the leg to prevent it breaking (6).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 97

H	O	B	S	O	N		A	S	P	H	O	D	E	L
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PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 97

Valerie Coombs (Achimota), E. Barouch (Jerusalem), Miss E Garland (Wallasey)

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

ASHLEY Court, 7 Leinster Square, W.2. Phone BAY. 4253. Lux. serv. rooms, bed, breakfast, dinner optional. Moderate.

KENWYN Private Hotel, 29 West Cromwell Rd., S.W.5. FRO. 1000. All cons. 12s. 6d./15s. 6d. B. & B., wkly terms arrg.

HOTEL Res. Sgle. fr. 3gns. wk. Dble. 5gns. inc. bkfast. H. & C. Tel. Porters. Restnt. White Park, 9 Lancaster Gate, W.2.

LONDON. Professional people seeking a really well-furnished service room with breakfast and dinner, close to West End, are invited to call at Park House, 143 Holland Park Ave., W.11. PARK 6280.

LONDON. York House Private Hotel. 27 Philbeach Gardens, Earl's Court, S.W.5. Tel. FRO. 7579. B. & B. from 15s. daily.

COMFORTABLE Residential Clubs, Hampstead, students, young business people; television, dances, etc. Partial board. Sharing from 47s. 6d. Application Forms from 13 Belsize Avenue, London, N.W.3.

DELIGHTFUL divan-rm. priv. flat. 65s. C.h.w., c.h., use k. & b. Bus. person only. Refs. BAY. 1533 after 5.30.

FLATLET, furnished, for 10 weeks. Near Golders Green Tube. 2½gns. Tel. SPEedwell 3364 mornings until 1 p.m.

WEST Kensington, W.14. Several small furn. flats to let, 2/3 rms.,k. & b. 4/4½ gns. p.w. Cookes & Burrell, opp. West Kensington Stn., W.14. FUL. 0070/3101.

FURN. flat 3 rms., bath (Ascot), kit., tel. Tolerable conditions. £3 7s. 6d. Forest Gate. 35 min. Holborn. Box 7735.

HAMPSTEAD Heath. Furn. div.-sit. rm., sink, gas (own meter), elec. light & power, use bath. 34s. p.w. incl. elec. 22 Nassington Rd., N.W.3. HAM. 5237.

COMFORTABLE large bed-sitting room, modern block, Marble Arch. Student or business person. £3 3s. p.w. PAD. 6967.

ST. John's Wd. Lux. room in mod. block. Suit prof./bus. man. 3 gns. CUN. 9636.

HAMPSTEAD. Newly-eqppd. flatlet, gas ckr., storage heater, built-in kit'ette, linen, crockery, just off 24 bus route. No colour prejudice. 52s. 6d. p.w. HOL. 6237.

LOVELY furn. flat, sgle., Hampstead. Own 'phone, kit., bathroom. MAI. 2821.

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ADELAIDE Rd., N.W.3. S/C flat, 2 fine rms., tiny kit.-bath. Redec. Fully, comf. furn. 7gns. p.w. incl. gas, elec., tel., rent. Brittan, days MAY. 9255, evg. HOL. 0618.

DIVAN-rooms, hot & cold running water, cooking facilities, own meter and door bell. Complete privacy. 2gns. weekly. 70 Priory Road, N.W.6. MAI. 5141.

DIVAN-sit. room. Use bath and kitchen. CUN. 5194 evenings.

FURNISHED Flat, 157a Kensington High St., for 4, self-contained 3rd floor, 7gns. wk. WES. 2211 (9-6).

ATTRACTIVE large divan-room, private flat Kens. Gdns., all amenities, very low rent to woman (poss. student) if some help and baby-sitting. BAY. 7696.

COMF. bed-sit. rm. Suit bus. lady. Private flat. £2. Maida Vale. CUN. 7586.

BACHELOR flat, sgle., 2 rms. fur. £3 3s. Nr. Finchley Rd. Stn. MAI. 4306.

DIVAN-room, with use all home accessories & gdn., but independent catering. 35s. plus personal domestic service. Prof. worker only. Nr. Swiss Cottage. Box 7871.

SMALL divan-room, close Highgate Tube. Ckg. facs. 27s. 6d. p.w. Box 7870.

IDEAL s/c furn. flat, N.W.6. 2 beds., 2 rec., kit., bathroom. Every mod. conv. 6½ gns. per week. Box 7843.

ATTRACTIVE s.c. furn. flat Brighton (Blackrock). Lounge, sunny bed-sit. room overlooking sea, kitchen, bathroom, hall. Available 3-4 months from May, 5½ gns. p.w. inclusive. Box 7890.

EXCELLENT bed-sitter to let in young graduates' household, good kitchen & bath facilities. £2 10s. p.w. WES. 4295.

MUSWELL Hill (near Highgate). Sunny two-roomed flat, furnished, exceptional view, own W.C. Lady only. Tudor 8160.

HAMPSTEAD Heath: Adjoining L.M.S., buses & tubes. Quiet road. Newly decorated furnished double bed-sitting room, own kitchenette, Ascot, gas meter, linen, cutlery, for professional or business married couple. Use bathrm. & tel. 5gns. wkly. Box 7705.

FURN. room, lge., sunny, every con., suit bus. girl. 32s. 6d. CUN. 5486 evgs.

QUIET furnished room to let Stamford Hill. Ring STA. 5085.

SELF/cont. furn. 2 rooms, kitchen, use of bath. Maida Vale; suit prof. couple. £5. CUN. 2519 evenings.

ONE-Roomed flatlet (3rd floor) near Westbourne Grove. Charmingly furn. Own meters. Ascot & light ckg. facils. Lady only. Non-smoker prefd. £2 wkly. Box 7741.

DBLE. & Sgle. bed-sit. rm. H. & C., gas-fire, serv., tel. on landing. FRO. 4267.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

WIMBLEDON: Bright bed-sit. Mod. hse. nr. stn., buses. 2 Springfield Rd.

LARGE attractive furnished flatlet for 2 pers. to let with kitchenette. References. 'Phone Tudor 9073.

WEST Hampstead, to let large furnished room with piano, 2 divans, cooking facilities. Telephone MAIda Vale 3950.

BEXLEYHEATH: Near stn., buses. S/C furn. flat, 2 large rms., kit., bath., frig. Garage avail. Bexleyheath 8862, after 6 p.m.

COTTAGE in Bucks village avail. July 24-Aug. 21. Sleep 3. Electricity, hot water, no bathroom. £4 10s. wkly. Box 7683.

CARAVAN. Furn. 2/3, New Forest. Beautiful, convenient, private. Leek, Godshill, Fordingbridge.

CONNEMARA: seaside 3-roomed cottage to let from May 1 to July 14. Sea and lake fishing free. Apply Martin King, Rossadilisk, Cleggan, Connemara.

BED-sitting room, own cooking facilities, required by lady. Regent's Park or Hampstead area. Box 7917.

YOUNG publisher sks. unfurn. rm. & kit. Would do some conversion. Pleasant street; Kensington, Chelsea pref. Box 7621.

UNFURNISHED flat of 3 rms., kit. & bathrm. desperately needed by quiet, considerate middle-aged literary couple, in/near London. Reas. rent, please. Refs. Box 7868.

WANTED from May/June furn. rms. or flat, in or around London, use kitchen, tel., for prof. couple with girl (9). Box 7686.

SEASIDE house, sleep 4, wanted 10 days August. Box 7985.

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

PICTURESQUE Tudor Farmhouse, Dorset Village. Quiet, secluded, 2 mins. Salisbury-Weymouth bus. 2½ hrs. Waterloo to door. Comf. accom. Own produce. Personal serv. Cuisine of distinction. Parties & families welc. Manor Farmhouse, East Woodyates, Salisbury. A "chez Sebastien" Guest House.

PEAK District, Ridge Hall, Chapel-en-le-Frith, quiet, homely. Brochure.

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully and remotely situated in heart of Welsh Mountains near Llyn Geirionydd. Modern comforts, very good food and fires. Friendly and informal. 5/6gns. George & Elaine Bonner, Penrallt, Trefriw. Telephone Llanwrst 166.

HARROGATE. French week, June 14-19. Full programme and holiday guide from W. W. Baxter, Royal Hall, Harrogate.

THE Slipway House, Port Isaac, Cornwall. Perfect for a restful holiday. Every comfort in a charming old-world setting. Directly facing harbour. Safe bathing, magnificent cliff/country walks. Good touring centre. Garage. Terms 6-7½gns. 'Phone 264.

PORTHLEVEN, S. Cornwall. Tye Rock Hotel. Loveliest position on sunny Cornish coast. Every comfort. "Home" cooking. A.A. recommended.

PAYING Guests welc. Modernised farmhse. Ideally sitd. Wenlock Edge. Surman, Presthope Farm, Much Wenlock, Salop.

BOURNEMOUTH. Connaught Court, W. Cliff. Tel. 1944. 33 rms. 200 yds. sea front. Gdns., Putting Green, Garages. Superlative food. 6gns. weekly, 8-9gns. summer.

OXFORD 8 miles. Croft House, Burcot, nr. Abingdon. Warmth, comfort, good food. A.A., R.A.C. Clifton Hampden 232.

THE Continental (recommended by Labour Pty.), St. Leonards-on-Sea. Hastings 4571.

RECUPERATION at Higham Health Centre in 20 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure, Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sussex. Robertsbridge 126.

BEAUTIFUL Countryside with comfort & good food. Te Whare Hotel, Horam, Sussex (Eastbourne line). Horeham Rd. 32.

SWANAGE. Vegetarian Guest House overlkg. sea. Continental ckg. Children welc. Broch.: "Waveney," Park Rd. Tel. 2804.

WORTHING—delightfully situated home of poet Henley, acre sheltered garden. Bedside lights, fires, H/C. Ample fare, varied, well cooked, well served. Own produce, garage and parking. No extras. 5-7½gns. St. George's Lodge, Chesswood Rd. Tel. 2621.

CORNWALL. Port Isaac (old-world fishing village), Carn Haven Guest House. H. & c. bedrooms. Farm prod. 5½-7gns. Tel. 286.

BRIGHTON. Keehan's Hotel, Regency Square (facing West Pier). H. & C. Slumberland beds. Full board from 5gns.

GUESTS welcomed in country cottage on West Cornish coast. 5½gns. Nora Frame, Mariners Cottage, Botallack, St. Just.

FARM Holidays—The Guide that describes "Britain's Best Farmhouses." Pages of Pictures, 3s. 2d. post free. Farm Guide, 49 Broomlands, Paisley.

ROTTINGDEAN, Nr. Brighton. Famous old seaside and downland village. Old Norton House, on the old-world Green. Friendly atmosphere, good food, sunny rooms. New, but already with a reputation. From 8gns. Brochure. Prop.: D. Chapman, M.P.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

A PLEASANT private hotel used by readers offers twin-bedded rooms 4½/6½gns. acc. floor, etc., incl. "extras" (early tea, gratuities, etc.) till end May. Singles Annexe 4½gns. Early holidays need a mild climate. St. Leonards is "the finest" (town claim). Inform. brochure free. Two Lounges. No Lift. Meat/Vegetarian. Normanhurst, Sea-front, St. Leonards, Sussex. Between Pier & Sun-Lounge orchestra. Beautiful unspoilt Downs and country nearby. Few summer vacs. 5½/8 gns. 'Phone Hastings 4784.

DEVON. Guesthouse acc. Fine posn. Min. sea. "Fontenaye," Combemartin 428.

LITTLE Guide to Britain's recommended Village Inns, Hotels, Farms, Guesthouses. The Bide-a-While Book. 3s. 6d., postage 3d. Victor Hilton (NS), Harbourside, Torquay.

LAKE District. Wastwater, Scafell, Eskdale, Seascale district. Table tennis, billiards, extensive grounds. Itton Hall Hotel (lic'd.), Holmrook, Cumberland. Tel. 42.

OLD Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead, on the edge of Ashdown Forest, for holidays with comfort, good food, and good company. Club licence. 'Phone Sharpthorne 17.

COTSWOLDS. Cottage Guest House; excellent centre; good food; 15s. 6d. daily, £4 15s. weekly. Brochure: Tansley, The Yew Trees, Cockleford, Cowley, Cheltenham.

LAKES Charm, old mans. Beaut. view. Mod. con. Reas. Croft Hotel. Ambleside 2334.

KESWICK-on-Derwentwater. Highfield Vegetarian Guesthouse, The Heads, amid beaut. lake & mntn. scenery, offers friendliness, comf., 1st cl. fd. Anne Horner. Tel. 508.

FRESHWATER Bay, I.W. Dimbola, overlooking Bay Island, best during May/June. Write for brochure.

"SEPTEMBER Cottage." 17th Cent. Guest House between Brighton/Worthing on Sussex Downs. Excellent food. Every comf. Edburton, W. Sussex. Tel. Poynings 302.

COUNTRY accommodation, Notts. Ladies, self-catering. Cooking facilities. Tennis. Garage, buses. Box 7684.

AN ideal holiday in the Surrey Pinehills: swimming, tennis, dancing; week-end or weekly bookings. Brochure: Treetops Holiday Camp, Farley Green, near Guildford, Surrey. Tel.: Shere 107.

RYE: Simon-the-Pieman Tearooms, Lion St., receive guests. Tel. Rye 2207.

EDINBURGH. Accom. assured or secured all seasons. Atholl Hotel, 16 Rothesay Place, 3. Central 4871.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

FOR the country-lover: Herts-Essex border, 27 miles London. Ideal holiday, walking, cycling, motoring. Good food, home prod., lge. gdn. Chantry Mead, Hatfield Heath, Nr. Bishop's Stortford. Hatfield Heath 263.

BYNE House Hotel, Warminster. A holiday in lovely Wiltshire, spacious accommodation with all amenities, secluded garden, good food, personal attention. Please write for brochure or telephone Warminster 2010.

CARDIGAN Bay. Sea & mountains, children welc., wholesome food, 5gns. wkly. Furn. holiday flat also avail. Trevor & Mary Jepson, Brackenhurst, Fairbourne, Merioneth.

RYE. The Hope Anchor. R.A.C., A.A. approved. Licensed. Secluded walled garden. Superb position in a lovely centre for holidays. Rye 2216.

SW. Cornish fishing village. Rest, relax, refresh in Torre Vean Private Hotel, Porthleven. Lt. Cdr. H. C. Selby.

ST. IVES, Cornwall. Accom. in artist's house. Redgrave, 1 Island Rd., St. Ives.

COTSWOLD Guest House. Own produce. Spring 3-5gns. June 1: 4-6gns. Steanbridge, Slad, Nr. Stroud. Tel. Painswick 2212.

BOOK Irish holiday now in lovely Connemara. Modern licensed guest house. H.c. all bedrooms. Continental cuisine. Bathing, boating, fishing, motoring available. Mod. terms. Broch.: Mrs. Grenville Holms, Dooneen House, Letterfrack, Co. Galway.

BRITTANY. Pension de famille in quiet seaside village. Excellent bourgeois cooking. Details: Maerten Kerminic, Plougasnou, Finistère.

PEACE and good food in beautiful setting, Villa Massoni, Massa Centro, Tuscany, stands in terraced garden very near sea and mountains. Easy access to Pisa, Lucca, Lerici, Viareggio. 1,800 lire per day July, August, otherwise 1,500 lire.

CÔTE d'Azur. Typical Provençal hotel, beautiful quiet situation above sandy beach. Mod. comfts., 1st-class cuisine, own cabin cruiser. Casino, dancing. Red. rates to end June. Ill. broch.: Ermitage, Bandol (Var).

GOOD Food Club members recommend over 800 places throughout Britain which serve a good meal at a reasonable price, in the "Good Food Guide 1954." Revised and enlarged and still 5s. from all booksellers. Pub. Cassell & Co., 37 St. Andrew's Hill, E.C.4.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 3s. 6d. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 1s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. State latest date acceptable. Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471.

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Day and night services — including the famous "GOLDEN ARROW" (Pullman) and "NIGHT FERRY" (Through Sleeping Cars) between London and Paris.

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Drive yourself on — Drive yourself off!

Good food and courteous service throughout

For full information, apply principal Travel Agencies or Continental Enquiry Office, Victoria Station, London, S.W.1, or British Railways' Travel Centre, Lower Regent Street, London, S.W.1.

BRITISH RAILWAYS

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

UNIVERSITY of Sydney, Australia. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer/Senior Lecturer in Petrology. Salary, for a Lecturer, will be within the range of £A1,100—£A1,450 per annum, for a Senior Lecturer, £A1,500—£A1,750 per annum, with annual increments of £A50 in each case. The salary is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualification and experience of the successful candidate. Finance available for home purchase under Staff Members' Housing Scheme. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is May 29, 1954.

LONDON County Council. Woodberry Down School, Stoke Newington, N.4. Headmaster or Headmistress required for this new comprehensive school for about 1,250 boys and girls to be opened in September, 1955. Appointment may take effect from January, 1955, for purpose of preliminary planning. Initially the school will be in Burnham Group 19 (head's allowance £800 (man); £705 (woman).) Burnham grouping may be larger when advanced courses are fully developed. The school will be filled at the outset by pupils from the Woodberry Down housing estate and the neighbouring residential area and by the transfer of a secondary school providing a five-year course. Courses of various kinds and lengths will be provided, including some leading to the General Certificate of Education (ordinary, advanced and scholarship levels) and some leading to advanced courses in commerce, engineering and needlecraft. There will be a deputy head with a substantial allowance and ample provision for other posts of special responsibility. The head will have adequate administrative and secretarial assistance. A person of high academic qualifications, organising ability, wide experience and a strong interest in the whole field of secondary education is looked for. Apply on Form EO/TS10/Woodberry Down, obtainable from the Education Officer (EO TS10), County Hall, S.E.1. (Candidates who have recently completed a similar form may apply on form EO/TS10B.) Closing date May 26, 1954. (552)

THE Museums Association. Appointment of Secretary-Editor. Applications are invited for the post of Secretary-Editor of the Museums Association, the professional body for museums and art galleries and their staffs within the U.K. and with membership extending to many Commonwealth and foreign countries. The Secretary-Editor is the chief official and is responsible, under the Council, for conducting all the Association's activities, the publication of the monthly Museums Journal, and the control of a small staff dealing with membership, finance and secretarial matters. Applicants should be under 45 years of age and should possess a good general education, preferably a university degree, and proved administrative and editorial ability. The starting salary will be between £800 and £1,000 a year according to qualifications, and selected candidates will be required to attend an interview on Wednesday, June 2, 1954. Further details may be obtained from the Secretary, The Museums Association, Meteorological Buildings, Exhibition Road, London, S.W.7, to whom applications giving particulars of age, education and experience and the names of three referees, should be sent to arrive not later than May 26, 1954. Envelopes should be marked "Confidential."

BBC. requires Assistant Conductor at Glasgow. Duties include conducting B.B.C. Scottish Orchestra as required; building orchestral programmes and training and conducting B.B.C. Scottish Singers and Choral Society. Orchestral and choral conducting experience and an extensive repertoire are necessary. Knowledge of traditional and contemporary Scottish music an advantage. Salary £870 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional), rising by 5 annual increments to £1,175 maximum. Requests for Application Forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "183N.Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 5 days.

ST. MARGARET'S P.N.E.U. School, Moor Park, Ludlow. (Recognised Independent School for 75 boarders and 20 day-boarders, aged 6-18 years.) Required September: (a) Thoroughly experienced mistress to teach French throughout the school to G.C.E. Advanced Level. Latin to Ordinary Level G.C.E. an advantage but not essential. (b) Physical-training and Games mistress to include remedials, lacrosse, netball, tennis and some dancing. Applicants for both posts should be under 45 years and good disciplinarians. Foreigners also eligible. New Burnham Scale. Full particulars and copies of recent testimonials to Principal.

REQUIRED early June, resident Cook-Caterer for 12-15 Social Worker residents. Particulars from Warden, University Settlement, Bristol, 5.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SENIOR Scientific Officers; Scientific Officers; Patent Examiner and Patent Officer classes. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for pensionable appointments. Applications may be accepted up to December 31, 1954, but early application is advised as an earlier closing date may eventually be announced. Interview Boards will sit at frequent intervals. The Scientific posts cover a wide range of scientific research and development in most of the major fields of fundamental and applied science. In biological subjects the number of vacancies is small; individual vacancies exist at present for candidates who have specialised in palæobotany, foraminifera, malacology and lichenology. The Patent posts are in the Patent Office (Board of Trade), and Ministry of Supply. Candidates must have obtained a university degree with first or second class honours in an appropriate scientific subject (including engineering) or in mathematics, or an equivalent qualification; or for Scientific posts, possess high professional attainments. Candidates for Senior Scientific Officer posts must in addition have had at least three years' post-graduate or other approved experience. Candidates for Scientific Officer and Patent posts taking their degrees in 1954 may apply before the result of their degree examination is known. Age limits: Senior Scientific Officers, between 26 and 31, but specially suitable candidates under 26 may be admitted. For Scientific Officers and Patent Classes, between 21 and 28 during 1954 (up to 31 for permanent members of the Experimental Officer class). Salary (London) Senior Scientific Officers (men) £975-£1,150; (women) £845-£1,025. Scientific Officers (men) £470-£855; (women) £470-£750. Patent Examiner and Patent Officer Classes (men) £440-£760 (rates under review). Women's rates somewhat lower. Somewhat lower rates in the provinces. Further particulars from the Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, Trinidad House, Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. S.53/54 for Senior Scientific Officers and S.52/54, S.128/54 for the other posts.

CHILDREN'S Service—Welfare Officer (male) required. Applicants should have Social Science Diploma and/or Home Office Child Care Certificate. Current Driving Licence essential. Salary A.P.T. scale 1/11 £465-£540 p.a., plus London Weighting. Starting grade according to experience. Superannuation. Duties include board-out of boys aged 11-15 and after-care 15-21. Apply in writing by May 21, stating age, qualifications, experience, enclosing copies testimonials and names of two referees to the Secretary, Thomas Coram Foundation for Children, 40 Brunswick Square, W.C.1.

GENERAL Secretary required from Aug. 1 by British Branch of International Work Camp Organisation. Salary £450-£500. Wide scope in interesting work. Applications to Chairman, International Voluntary Service for Peace, 19 Pembridge Villas, W.11, by May 15.

BRITISH Committee of World University Service requires Associate Secretary to commence Aug./Sept. Initial salary in range £400-£500. Further particulars from W.U.S., 59 Gloucester Place, W.1.

OPPORTUNITY in advertising & publicity for woman aged 24/over in W. London engineering firm with good customer relationships & advanced outlook in industrial relations. Job reqs. creative person capable of routine administrative work, incl. (a) planning, designing, drafting, advertising literature & press advertising. (b) Preparing advertising records, despatching D/M letters. (c) Organising exhibitions. (d) Maintaining good contacts with editors, advertising agents, printers, etc. (e) Sh./typing ability valuable. Good salary. Write Box NE7334, A.K. Advg., 212a Shaftesbury Ave., London, W.C.2.

MARKS and Spencer Limited have vacancies at the present time for Canteen Manageresses in certain of their larger Staff Canteens situated throughout the country. Applicants should have a practical knowledge of catering and cooking for large numbers, together with experience in organising and supervising staff. As the posts to be filled occur in various parts of the country it is necessary to stipulate complete mobility as a qualification. Applications should be addressed in writing, giving full details of age, education, qualifications and previous exper, to Staff Superintendent, 82 Baker St., W.1.

EDITOR of National woman's magazine requires confidential secretary. Applicants for this post require first-class shorthand/typewriting and previous experience in dealing with a wide variety of people, both personally and by telephone. Good English, considerable initiative, tact and adaptability are also essential. Previous experience gained solely in a commercial or business house would not be sufficient qualification. The preferred age is between 25 and 35. Applicants should write to Box 7894, giving full particulars.

TEMPORARY post for holiday relief worker for Citizens' Advice Bureaux in the Central Metropolitan Boroughs in London from June-September. Salary according to experience. Preference given to trained social workers with experience in C.A.B. Apply in writing to C.A.B. Liaison Officer, F.W.A., 296 Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.1.

AS family, with salary, Mother's Help, 2 children. Happy home for cheerful, educated girl, Hampstead. Box 7525.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ASSISTANT Housekeeper, British birth, age 35 to 55, experience home nursing, to help in general house duties and care of elderly residents in Hampstead hostel; salary £4 p.w. plus food and lodging. Write full particulars of past employment to Box 7822.

PLEASE will any couples, or single men and women who are interested in helping to develop a children's community, with accommodation for parents, write to Mrs. Cadbury, The Oaks, Bosham, Chichester, Sussex. Home Farm. Capital not essential.

COMPETENT Sec./Sh.-typist required by Trade Union Office. Box 7858.

TEMPORARY shorthand-typs., bi-lingual shorthand-typs., etc., reqd. for interesting work. High rates of pay. GER. 1069.

ALL Office Staff supplied and wanted. CHA. 8471. Holborn Secretarial Agency, 4 Holborn Place, W.C.1. No fees staff.

ACME Agency for perm. and temp. office jobs. No Fees. 4 Blenheim St., Bond St., W.1 (1st right Oxford St. end). GRO. 4577.

OVERSEAS Jobs—excellent rate of pay. Write for particulars of our guaranteed Job List. Universal Vacancies, 28 Hilgate Street, London, W.8.

ST. STEPHEN'S Secretariat (new branch 316 Vauxhall Bridge Rd., nr. Victoria Stn.) welcomes temp. sh./typists & copy typists. Salaries up to £7 10s. p.w.

EVEN-tempered help wanted, house, 4 school children, Doctor's family N. London. Own 2-room flat, kitchen. Flat, job could be shared 2 friends. Box 7587.

PERMANENT happy home, Kensington: Nannie, young, pref. trained as children's nurse, for 2 girls aged 2 and 3½ years. Good salary. Mrs. Naughton, 30 The Little Boltons, Kensington, S.W.10. FRE. 7462.

YOUNG fully trained person to look after 3 children, 4, 5 & 6, full-time, in beautiful Wimbledon house. Own rm., help provided. Interesting household. Box 7867.

MOTHER'S Help offered small salary and flatlet with kitchen in pleasant house close Kew Gardens and station for part-time help boy 2 yrs. Some experience children essential. (Husband accepted.) Box 7688.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

EXPD. reader forced work home owing illness sks. job reading MSS. Box 7796.

FRENCHMAN (23), fluent Italian, University, seeks post 3 summer months. School or family. Box 7795.

EDUCATED woman seeks position; experienced in office work and welfare work; fluent German. Box 7677.

EXPD. case worker with Soc. Sc. sks. work among disabled or blind. Box 7875.

YOUNG man, 25, Soc. Christian, reqs. useful work. Intelligent, adaptable and hard working. Travel anywhere. Box 7814.

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HOWARD Fast contributes special article on United States in May Day Double Number of "World Trade Union Movement." This issue devoted to Defence of Trade Union Rights, with articles by L. Saillant, G. Di Vittorio, L. Toledano, S. A. Dange, Percy Belcher, etc., etc. Invaluable for reference. Price 1s. from bookshops or W.F.T.U. Publications, Ltd., 6 Chichester Chambers, Chichester Rents, Chancery Lane, W.C.2.

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CONTENTS of May "Plebs": "Who Shall Starve?" by Peter Freeman, M.P.; "Pictures in Oil"; "More About the Tory College"; "This Wicked World"; "W.E.A. Allegation Withdrawn"; "Bias in Education" by J. P. M. Millar; "The Impact of the West upon the East" by Sam Pollock; "Germany and the Arms Question" by Reginald Moss and Adrian Palmer. "Plebs" costs 6d., by post 7½d., or 7s. per year, from the N.C.L.C., Tillicoultry, Scotland.

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BALTIC Deputy. Great Soviet Film. Saturday, May 15, 7.30 p.m. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Square, W.8. Admission 2s. 6d. (S.C.R. & students 2s.).

GLENCOE Arts Club. Sailing Barge Glencoe, The Hollows, Brentford (50 yds. above Kew Bridge) Bar open daily 5. Dancing ev. Thurs. & Sat. to trad. jazz orch. Life-class ev. Sat. 2.30-4.30. Poetry reading ev. Mon. Sub. £1 1s p.a. (students ½ price).

JAC. Dance by Candlelight. Curtis Shelley & Sensational Clavioline. Candlelight Bar. Saturdays, 8 p.m. 1 Broadhurst Gdns., N.W.6 (Finchley Rd. Station). MAIda Vale 9457.

LA Cage! Licd. Club, Cellar Bar open dly. fr. 3 p.m. Dancing to Selwyn Trio, Sats. & Suns. Cabaret. Buffet. 137 Finchley Rd., Swiss Cottage, N.W.3. Mem. invited.

ICA., 17 Dover St., W.1. Saturday, May 8: Dancing from 8-11 to the Dave De Vere Jazz Group. Members 3s., non-members 5s. Membership invited.

CONCERTS

ROYAL Festival Hall, Monday, May 10, at 8 p.m. B.B.C. Third Programme presents: Concerto Grosso in D (Op. 6 No. 5) (Handel); Mass in C (K.317) (The Coronation) (Mozart); Le Sacre du Printemps (Stravinsky); Soloists: Mattiwilda Dobbs, Marjorie Thomas, Alexander Young, Geraint Evans. Philharmonia Orchestra. Cond.: Igor Markevitch. Tickets: 3s. 6d. to 12s. 6d. at Hall. (WAT. 3191) and usual Agents.

ROYAL Festival Hall. Sat., May 15, at 8. London Choral Society. John Tobin with Robert Speaight (speaker). Soloists & Kalmar Chamber Orch. Wks. by Vaughan Williams, Britten, Mellors and Purcell. WATerloo 3191.

ROYAL Festival Hall. Sun., May 16, at 3. Apollo Society Recital of Poetry and Music with Edith Evans, Barbara Jefford, Michael Redgrave, Kyla Greenbaum (Piano).

BACH and Boccherini. London Harpsichord Ensemble. Royal Festival Hall Recital Room, Sat., May 8, at 8.15. Bach—Harpsichord Concerto in A & Sonata in C. Boccherini: String Trios in G. and E. flat. Tel. WATerloo 3191.

MAY 13, Chenil Galleries, 8 p.m. Guest Conductor, Matyas Seiber. Concertino, 1st Performance, Ingvar Lidholm; Dialogo Antifelico, 1st London Performance, Petrassi; Cantata, Strawinsky; In the Beginning, Copland. Soloists, Peter Pears, Arda Mandikian, Patricia Kern. Reserved seats 5s., 3s. 6d., unreserved 2s. 6d.

BRONISLAV Gimpel, the World-famous Violinist. Wigmore Hall. Saturday, May 15, at 7.30 p.m. Pianoforte: Adela Kotowska. Sonata No. 1 in G, Op. 78 (Brahms); Sonata in G minor for Solo Violin (Bach); Sonata No. 2 in D, Op. 94 (Prokofiev); Works by: Ruthus and Ravel. Tickets: 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 4s., at Hall, Agents and Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., 124 Wigmore St., W.1.

JAN Sedivka Chamber Ensemble. St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Wednesday, May 12, at 7.30 p.m. Soloists: Sela Trau (Cello), Jan Sedivka (Violin); Works by: Boyce, Boccherini (Cello Concerto in G), Vivaldi (The Four Seasons). In aid of St. Martin's Restoration Fund.

EXHIBITIONS

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W.1. French Paintings and Drawings of the 19th and 20th Century: Monet, Bonnard, Courbet, Degas, Rouault, Utrillo, Modigliani, Vuillard.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery. Barbara Hepworth Retrospective Exhibition: Carvings and Drawings, 1927-1954. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mons. Adm. free.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. post free.

MANET & His Circle. Arts Council Exhibition Tate Gallery. Open till June 7. Weekdays 10-6. (Tues. & Thurs. 10-8), Suns. 2-6. Admission 1s. 6d.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Square. Pitchforth, R.A., and Claude Rogers. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1. Until May 13.

ZWEMMER Gallery, 26, Litchfield Street, W.C.2. Original lithographs from "150 Years Artists' Lithos," by Felix Man. Drawings and Manuscripts from "8 European Artists," same author. (Exhibition arranged by Wm. Heinemann.) May 13-May 20, 10-6 p.m., incl. Sats.

SLATTER Gallery. Exhibition Dutch and Flemish Masters. 10-5.30, Sat., 10-1. 30, Old Bond St.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum. At 28 Portman Square, W.1. Exhibitions: Medicine under Three Queens—Elizabeth I, Anne, Victoria; Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Adm. free. At the Wellcome Research Institution, 183-193 Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibition: The Life and Work of Paul Ehrlich. Daily (Sat. & Sun. exc.) 10-5. Admission free.

RUMANIAN Folk Art Exhibition, open until May 20. Royal Hotel, Woburn Place, W.C.1. Daily 11-9, Sundays 2-6. Catalogue 1s. Sunday, May 9, A. L. Lloyd, Well-known Folklorist, will give a gramophone recital at the Exhibition. At 7.30. Admission free.

RENEL Gallery, 40-41 Burlington Arcade, W.1. "Montparnasse-Londres": Paintings by Blond, Dobrinsky, Krémègne. Daily 10-5.30 p.m., Sats. 10-1 p.m.

ICA. Gallery, 17-18 Dover Street, W.1. Exhibition Victor Pasmore Paintings & Constructions 1944-54. Daily 10.30-6, closed Suns. Closing May 11. From May 15: Georges Bracques—Paintings & Drawings from English collections, supplemented by Lithographs and Engravings 1909-1933. Members free, non-members 1s. 6d.

SCULPTURE in the Home. Arts Council Exhibition. New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington Street, W.1. Open till May 29. Mons.-Weds., Fris., Sats. 10-6, Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Admission 1s.

NEW Zealand Books. Exhibition at National Book League, 7 Albemarle St., W.1, until June 4. Mon.-Sat. 11-5. Adm. free.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Roussel-Bonnard-Vuillard. Until June 12. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-12.30.

HEAL'S New Designs, 1954. Exhibition of furniture, fabrics, pottery, carpets, etc., by leading designers. Fourth floor. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., London, W.1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a, St. George Street, W.1. New Sculptures by Reg Butler. Until June 4.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. Picasso—1938-1953. Daily 10-5.30. Saturdays 10-1.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. The State Apartments and King's Private Apartments with Regency furniture and works of art. Open daily 10-5 including Sundays.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Paintings by S. John Woods. Sculpture by Michael Werner. 10-5.30, Saturdays 10-1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

ISRAEL—Some Reflections. Lecture by The Rt. Hon. Kenneth Younger, M.P. Chairman: H. E. The Ambassador of Israel. At the Royal Society of Arts, 6 John Adam Street, Adelphi, W.C.2. on May 13 at 6 p.m. Members free: others 1s. 6d. Tickets from Anglo-Israel Assn., 13 Mansfield St., W.1.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. May 8, 6 p.m. Trudy Seidman: "Chapter from English Social History."

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture on "Learning Theory and Experimental Extinction" will be given by Dr. M. Ray Denny (Michigan State College) at 5.30 p.m. on May 14 at University College (Anatomy Theatre), Gower St., W.C.1. Adm. free, without tkt.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

PEACE in Indo-China Meeting. Wednesday, May 19, 7.30 p.m., Conway Hall, to celebrate President Ho Chi Minh's birthday. Prominent French and English speakers.

KINGSLEY Martin on "Anglo-Soviet Relations." Public meeting, Monday, May 10 at 5.45 p.m. Friends House, Euston Road, N.W.1. Admission free.

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture on "The Constructive Trust" will be given by Professor A. W. Scott (Harvard) at 5 p.m. on May 17 at King's College, Strand, W.C.2. Admission free, without ticket.

INDIAN Institute of Culture, London Branch. Public Lectures, 8.15. Tues. May 11, Dr. Joseph Needham: "Confucian Humanism; Taoist Naturalism and Schools of Logic"; Fri. May 14, Dr. Douglas Latto: "Prevention and Treatment of Incurable Disease." 62 Queen's Gardens, Bayswater.

LONDON Jewish Graduates' Assoc. Commander Fox-Pitt, Secretary of the Anti-Slavery Society: "The Prospects of a Settled Central Africa." Hotse Shoe Hotel, Tottenham Court Rd., W.1. (next Dominion Th.), Mon. May 10, 8 p.m. Vis. 2s. 6d.

THE Concept of Race: Public Conference, Saturday, May 15, 2.30-5.45 p.m. 45 Russell Square, W.C.1. Prof. L. S. Penrose, F.R.S., Dr. N. A. Barnicot, E. S. Sachs, Dr. D. G. Leys. Adm. free. Organised by the Medical Assn. for Prevention of War.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL. Discoveries in Poland. The film of "Biskupin" a pre-historic Slav Lake Settlement, introduced by Professor V. Gordon Childe. 8 p.m. Friday, May 14. Polish Institute, 81 Portland Place, W.1. Admission free.

PROGRESSIVE Business Men's Forum: James Cameron of "News Chronicle" recently from Middle East, on "Israel in Crisis," Thursday, May 13, 7.45 p.m. Tavistock Hotel, Tavistock Sq., W.C.1. Visitors 3s. 6d. Reservations: MAYfair 4245.

ICA., 17 Dover St., W.1, Tuesday, May 11, 8.15 p.m. Discussion: "The Voices of Silence" an enquiry into the essence and value of art by André Malraux. Speakers include Prof. John Cocking, André Forge, Prof. Gombrich, Nigel Henderson, Stephen Spender. Chairman: Lawrence Alloway. Mems. 2s., guests 3s. Membership invited.

LONDON Jewish Society. "The Principles & Practices of Liberal Judaism"—talk by the Rev. Philip Cohen, B.A., Minister of the Liberal Jewish Synagogue, St. John's Wood. Tues., May 11, 8 p.m. Vienna Café, Berkeley Arcade, Baker St., W.1. Vis. 2s. 6d.

THE Buddhist Society. Special Public Meeting, Caxton Hall, S.W.1., 6.30 p.m., Wed., May 12. "The Path to Self-Enlightenment": Mr. Christmas Humphreys.

CEDRIC Dover, "The Nature of Prejudice." New Generation Group, Stanfield House, Prince Arthur Rd., nr. Hampstead Tube, Mon. May 10 at 8.

PERSONALIST Group. J. B. Coates on "The Ethics of Sartre; its seven basic principles," 20 Buckingham St., Wed. May 12 at 7.30 p.m.

RACIAL Unity: Univ. Extension Lectures by Mr. E. B. Ndem, M.A. "Problems of Racial Relations." 32 Tavistock Square, W.C.1. Monday, May 10, 7 p.m., "Race and Culture." Mems. free, sub. 5s.

PUSHKIN Club, Academy House, 24 Kensington Park Gardens, W.11. 8 p.m., Friday, May 7. Dr. B. Malnick, "The Russian Theatre and Actors," in English.

"RE-INCARNATION." Speaker: Miss Whiteman of the Theosophical Society. Thursday, May 13, at 7.30 p.m. Youth House, 250 Camden Road, N.W.1.

YOGA. Talks on its theory & practice. Tuesdays 6.30, Caxton Hall. Subject for May 11: "The Tranquil Mind." Arr. by Shanti Sadan. Adm. free.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday, 11 a.m., May 9. H. L. Beales, M.A., "The Case for Secular Education." Adm. free.

H. J. Blackham: "The English Religious Tradition." The West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W.8. Sun., May 9, 6.30.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Wed., May 12, 7.30 p.m. Prof. L. Dudley Stamp: "Some Problems of Land Use Planning in Britain." St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. Visitors 2s.

"THE Chemical Adulteration of Food and Drink," Margaret Brady, M.Sc. "The Prevention and Treatment of Incurable Disease," Dr. Douglas Latto, M.B., Ch.B., etc. Chairman: Dr. B. P. Allinson, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P. Friends House, Euston Rd., N.W.1. Wednesday, May 12, 7 p.m. Details: Nature Cure & Anti-Vivisection Clinic, 13 Oldbury Place, W.1.

JUNIOR Discussion Group, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. 7.15 p.m. Tonight, Friday, May 7. D. A. Broughton on "The Fulfilment of Man," by Dr. Bronowski. Friday, May 14. D. W. Morris Muirhead, "Nature Cure."

THE Pythagorean Society. Lect.: New Developments in Radiesthesia, by Bruce Copin, Caxton Hall, Thrs., May 13, 7.30. 2s.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1., May 15, 6 p.m. Mme. H. Tassrtey: "Us et coutumes de France."

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

SCIENCE for Peace Annual Conference, Saturday, May 8, 2.30 p.m., Sunday, May 9, 10.30 a.m., 2 p.m., Holborn Hall, Gray's Inn Rd. Delegates' fee 5s. payable at the door.

"THE Social Worker and the Group Approach" Conference, County Hall, S.W.1, Friday evening, May 28, 6 to 8.45, and Saturday, May 29, 10 to 4.30. Chairman, Sir Philip Morris, C.B.E., M.A., LL.D., Vice-Chancellor of Bristol University. Speakers, Professor A. C. T. W. Curle, Exeter University, Miss Jean Reynolds, Fullbright Commission Survey Team, Dr. Maxwell Jones, Belmont Hospital, Mr. Howard Jones, Leicester University College. Tickets and further information from Conference Secretary, Silverbeck, Stanwell Moor, Middlesex. Tel.: Colnbrook 131.

PSYCHOLOGY and Social Anthropology. Films shown and discussed by Dr. Otto Friedman. Five Wednesdays at 6.30, beginning May 12. Course ticket 7s. 6d. Details from Sec., Morley College, 61 Westminster Bridge Rd., S.E.1. (WAT. 6872.)

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POSTAGE on this issue: Inland 1½d.; *Foreign* 1½d.; *Canada* 1d.

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. (Holborn 8471)

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Entered as second-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., Post Office, 1928. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by Cornwall Press Ltd., Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1. Published Weekly at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.